

# CLASSICS

*Illustrated*

# MACBETH

By William Shakespeare

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No. 128 15¢



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S

# MACBETH

WHEN SHALL WE THREE  
MEET AGAIN?  
IN THUNDER, LIGHTNING,  
OR IN RAIN?

WHEN THE HURLYBURLY'S DONE,  
WHEN THE BATTLE'S LOST  
AND WON.

UPON THE HEATH\*  
THERE TO MEET  
WITH MACBETH.



\*Open, uncultivated land

**E**ARLY IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY, SCOTLAND WAS TORN BY A REBELLION AGAINST DUNCAN, ITS KING.

MACBETH, THE THANE\* OF GLAMIS, AND FIRST COUSIN TO THE KING, LED THE LOYAL ARMY INTO BATTLE. DUNCAN AND HIS SONS, MALCOLM AND DONALBAIN, WAITED ANXIOUSLY AT THEIR CAMP FOR THE OUTCOME.

\*A title of nobility

WHAT BLOODY MAN IS THAT? HE CAN REPORT, AS SEEMETH BY HIS PLIGHT, OF THE REVOLT.

DOUBTFUL IT STOOD, AS TWO SPENT SWIMMERS THAT DO CLING-TOGETHER AND CHOKE THEIR ART.\*



\*Prevent each other from swimming

THEN THE LOYAL THANE OF ROSS ARRIVED.

BUT ALL'S TOO WEAK, FOR BRAVE MACBETH (WELL HE DESERVES THAT NAME), DISDAINING FORTUNE, WITH HIS BRANDISHED STEEL, CARVED OUT HIS PASSAGE TILL HE FACED THE SLAVE\*; AND FIXED HIS HEAD UPON OUR BATTLEMENTS.

O VALIANT COUSIN!

THE VICTORY FELL ON US.

GREAT HAPPINESS!

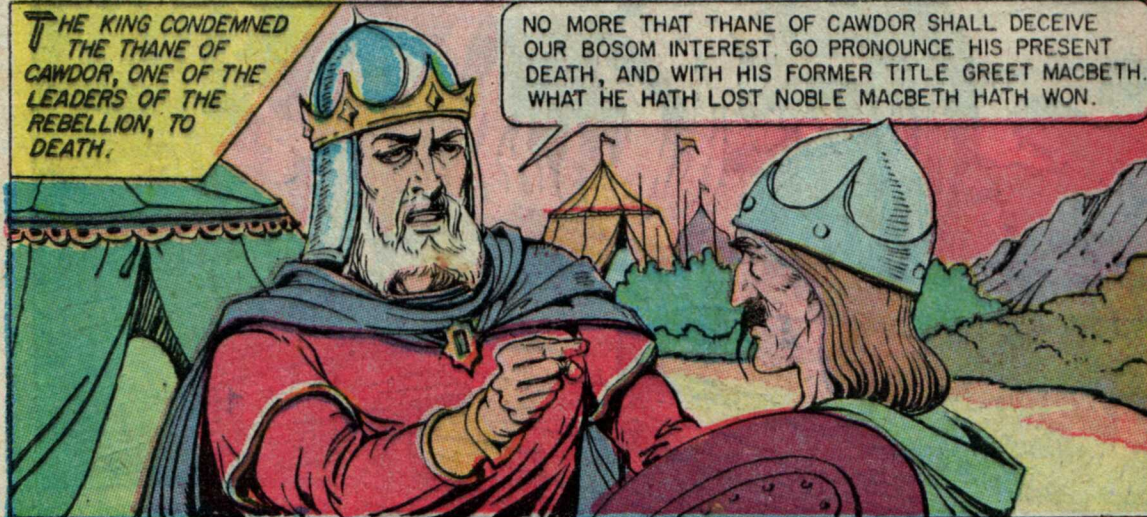


\*An enemy leader



**T**HE KING CONDEMNED THE THANE OF CAWDOR, ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE REBELLION, TO DEATH.

NO MORE THAT THANE OF CAWDOR SHALL DECEIVE OUR BOSOM INTEREST. GO PRONOUNCE HIS PRESENT DEATH, AND WITH HIS FORMER TITLE GREET MACBETH. WHAT HE HATH LOST NOBLE MACBETH HATH WON.



**O**N THE FOGGY FIELDS NEAR DUNCAN'S CAMP,  
THE THREE WITCHES MET AGAIN.

A DRUM, A DRUM!  
MACBETH DOTHS COME.

FAIR IS FOUL, AND FOUL  
IS FAIR.  
HOVER THROUGH THE FOG  
AND FILTHY AIR.



**M**ACBETH AND BANQUO, ANOTHER SCOTTISH NOBLEMAN, APPROACHED ON THEIR WAY  
TO THE KING.

WHAT ARE THESE, SO WITHERED  
AND SO WILD IN THEIR ATTIRE,  
THAT LOOK NOT LIKE THE  
INHABITANTS O' THE EARTH,  
AND YET ARE ON'T?



ALL HAIL, MACBETH!  
HAIL TO THEE, THANE  
OF GLAMIS!

ALL HAIL, MACBETH!  
HAIL TO THEE, THANE  
OF CAWDOR!

ALL HAIL,  
MACBETH,  
THAT SHALT  
BE KING  
HEREAFTER!

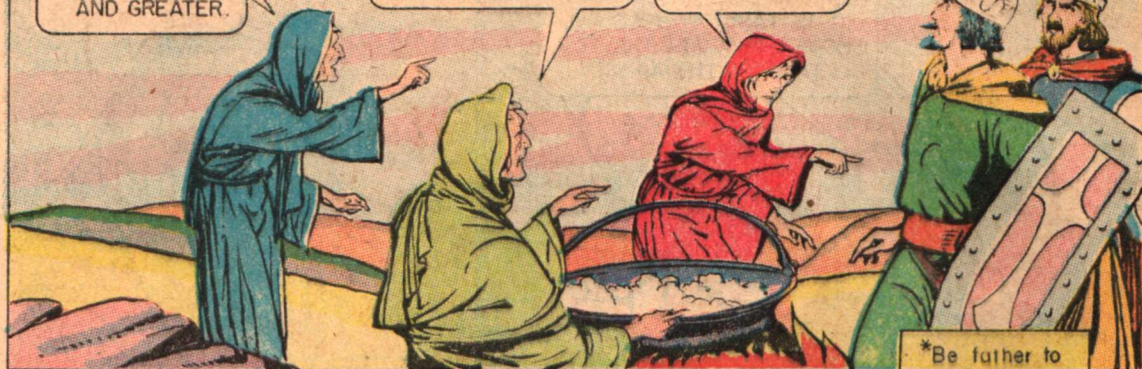


THEN THE THREE WEIRD SISTERS HAILED BANQUO.

LESSER THAN  
MACBETH,  
AND GREATER.

NOT SO HAPPY, YET  
MUCH HAPPIER.

THOU SHALT  
GET\* KINGS,  
THOUGH THOU  
BE NONE.



\*Be father to

STAY, YOU IMPERFECT  
SPEAKERS; TELL ME  
MORE. I KNOW I AM  
THANE OF GLAMIS;  
BUT HOW OF CAWDOR?

THE EARTH HATH BUBBLES,  
AS THE WATER HAS, AND  
THESE ARE OF THEM.  
WHITHER ARE THEY  
VANISHED?



AT THAT MOMENT, ROSS ARRIVED.

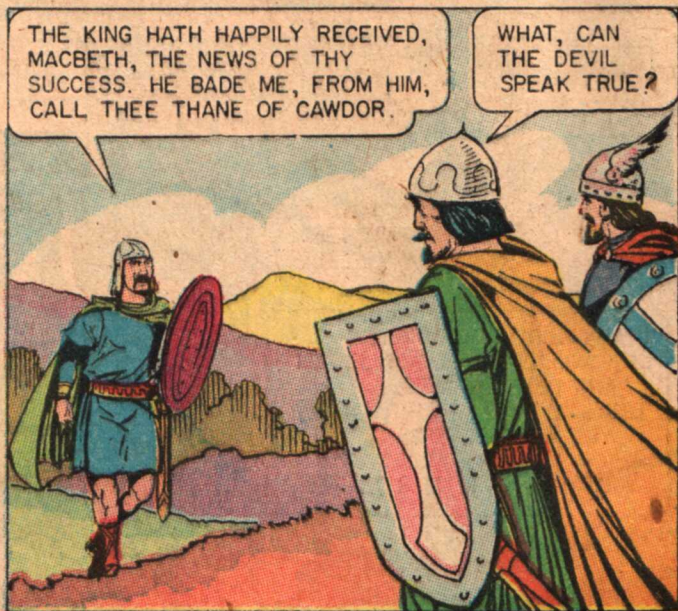
YOU SHALL  
BE KING.

AND THANE OF  
CAWDOR TOO:  
WENT IT  
NOT SO?



THE KING HATH HAPPILY RECEIVED,  
MACBETH, THE NEWS OF THY  
SUCCESS. HE BADE ME, FROM HIM,  
CALL THEE THANE OF CAWDOR.

WHAT, CAN  
THE DEVIL  
SPEAK TRUE?



AT DUNCAN'S CAMP.

IS EXECUTION  
DONE ON CAWDOR?

I HAVE SPOKE  
WITH ONE THAT  
SAW HIM DIE, WHO  
DID REPORT THAT HE  
SET FORTH A DEEP  
REPENTANCE. NOTHING  
IN HIS LIFE BECAME HIM  
LIKE THE LEAVING IT.

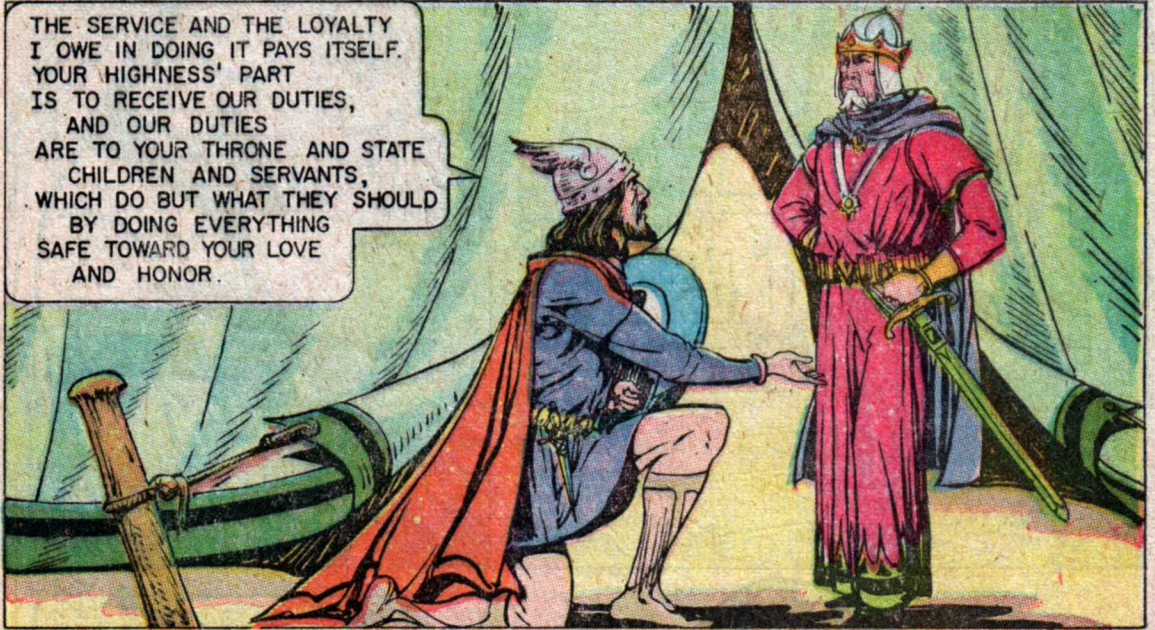


THEN MACBETH ARRIVED.

O WORTHIEST COUSIN,  
MORE IS THY DUE  
THAN ALL CAN PAY.



THE SERVICE AND THE LOYALTY  
I OWE IN DOING IT PAYS ITSELF.  
YOUR HIGHNESS' PART  
IS TO RECEIVE OUR DUTIES,  
AND OUR DUTIES  
ARE TO YOUR THRONE AND STATE  
CHILDREN AND SERVANTS,  
WHICH DO BUT WHAT THEY SHOULD  
BY DOING EVERYTHING  
SAFE TOWARD YOUR LOVE  
AND HONOR.



BUT AS THE KING WELCOMED BANQUO,  
MACBETH WAS THINKING OF THE  
PREDICTION THAT HE, HIMSELF  
WOULD BE KING.

STARS, HIDE YOUR FIRES!  
LET NOT LIGHT SEE MY BLACK  
AND DEEP DESIRES.  
THE EYE WINK AT THE HAND:  
YET LET THAT BE  
WHICH THE EYE FEARS, WHEN  
IT IS DONE, TO SEE.

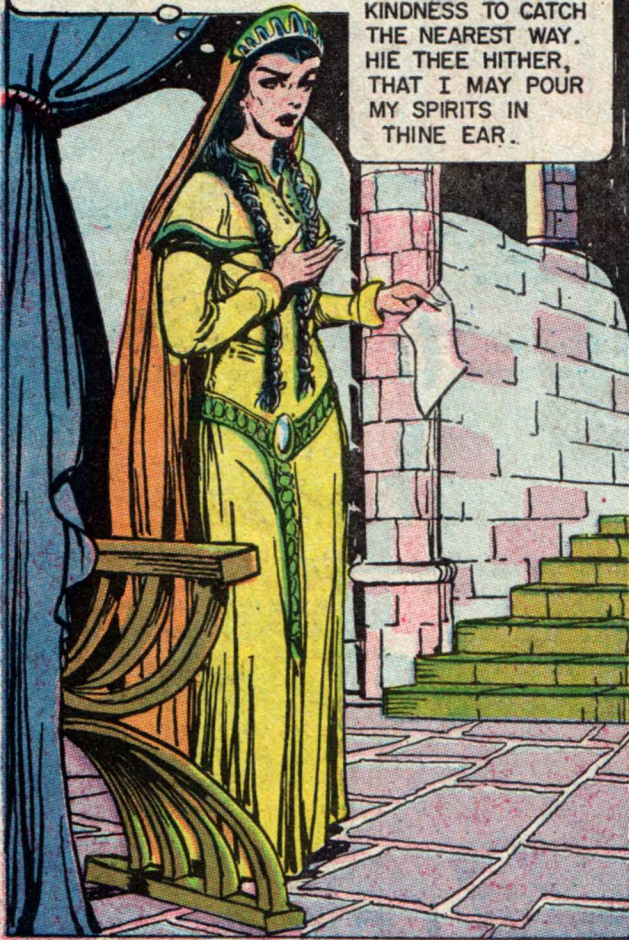
NOBLE BANQUO, LET ME  
HOLD THEE TO MY HEART.



**A**T INVERNESS, MACBETH'S CASTLE, LADY MACBETH RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HER HUSBAND TELLING HER OF HIS NEW HONORS AND OF THE WITCHES' PROPHECIES. COLD AND CUNNING, LADY MACBETH, LIKE HER HUSBAND, KNEW THAT MACBETH COULD ONLY BE KING IF DUNCAN WERE DEAD.

GLAMIS THOU ART, AND CAWDOR, AND SHALT BE WHAT THOU ART PROMISED. YET DO I FEAR THY NATURE. IT IS TOO FULL O' THE MILK OF HUMAN

KINDNESS TO CATCH THE NEAREST WAY. HIE THEE HITHER, THAT I MAY POUR MY SPIRITS IN THINE EAR.



**A** MESSENGER THEN ENTERED.

THE KING COMES HERE TO-NIGHT.



THE RAVEN HIMSELF IS HOARSE THAT CROAKS THE FATAL ENTRANCE OF DUNCAN UNDER MY BATTLEMENTS. COME, YOU SPIRITS THAT TEND ON MORTAL THOUGHTS, UNSEX ME HERE AND FILL\* ME, FROM THE CROWN TO THE TOE, TOP-FULL OF DIREST CRUELTY! COME, THICK NIGHT, AND PALL\* THEE IN THE DUNNEST\*\* SMOKE OF HELL, THAT MY KEEN KNIFE SEE NOT THE WOUND IT MAKES, NOR HEAVEN PEEP THROUGH THE BLANKET OF THE DARK TO CRY "HOLD, HOLD!"

\*Cover  
\*\*Darkest

**SOON MACBETH ENTERED.**

MY DEAREST LOVE,  
DUNCAN COMES HERE  
TO-NIGHT.

AND WHEN  
GOES HENCE?



TO-MORROW.

O NEVER SHALL  
SUN THAT  
MORROW SEE!

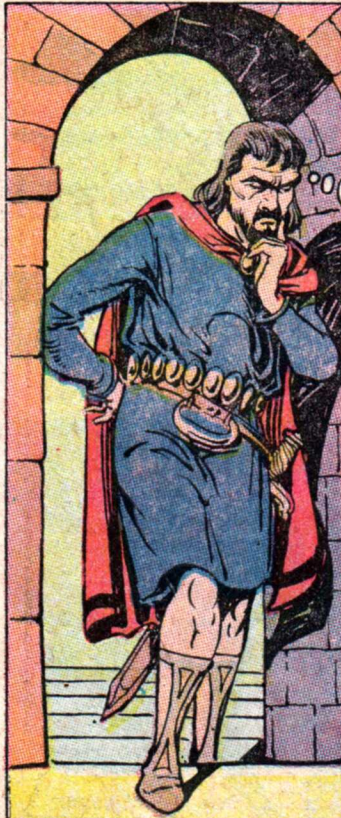


**T**HAT EVENING, DUNCAN ARRIVED AT INVERNESS. WHILE THE KING WAS BEING ENTERTAINED IN ONE ROOM, IN ANOTHER, MACBETH CONSIDERED HIS PLAN TO MURDER HIM.

**HE REACHED A DECISION  
AND WHEN LADY MACBETH  
ENTERED, HE ANNOUNCED IT.**

HE'S HERE IN DOUBLE TRUST:  
FIRST, AS I AM HIS KINSMAN  
AND HIS SUBJECT;  
THEN, AS HIS HOST,  
WHO SHOULD AGAINST HIS  
MURDERER SHUT THE DOOR,  
NOT BEAR THE KNIFE MYSELF.  
BESIDES, THIS DUNCAN  
HATH BEEN  
SO CLEAR IN HIS GREAT OFFICE,  
THAT HIS VIRTUES  
WILL PLEAD LIKE ANGELS,  
TRUMPET-TONGUED, AGAINST  
THE DEEP DAMNATION OF HIS  
TAKING-OFF;  
AND PITY, LIKE A NAKED  
NEW-BORN BABE,  
STRIDING THE BLAST, OR  
HEAVEN'S CHERUBIN, HORSED  
UPON THE SIGHTLESS COURIERS  
OF THE AIR,  
SHALL BLOW THE HORRID DEED  
IN EVERY EYE,  
THAT TEARS SHALL DROWN THE  
WIND. I HAVE NO SPUR  
TO PRICK THE SIDES OF MY  
INTENT, BUT ONLY  
VAULTING AMBITION, WHICH  
O'ERLEAPS ITSELF  
AND FALLS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

WE WILL PROCEED  
NO FURTHER IN  
THIS BUSINESS.





### LADY MACBETH'S PLAN CONVINCED MACBETH.

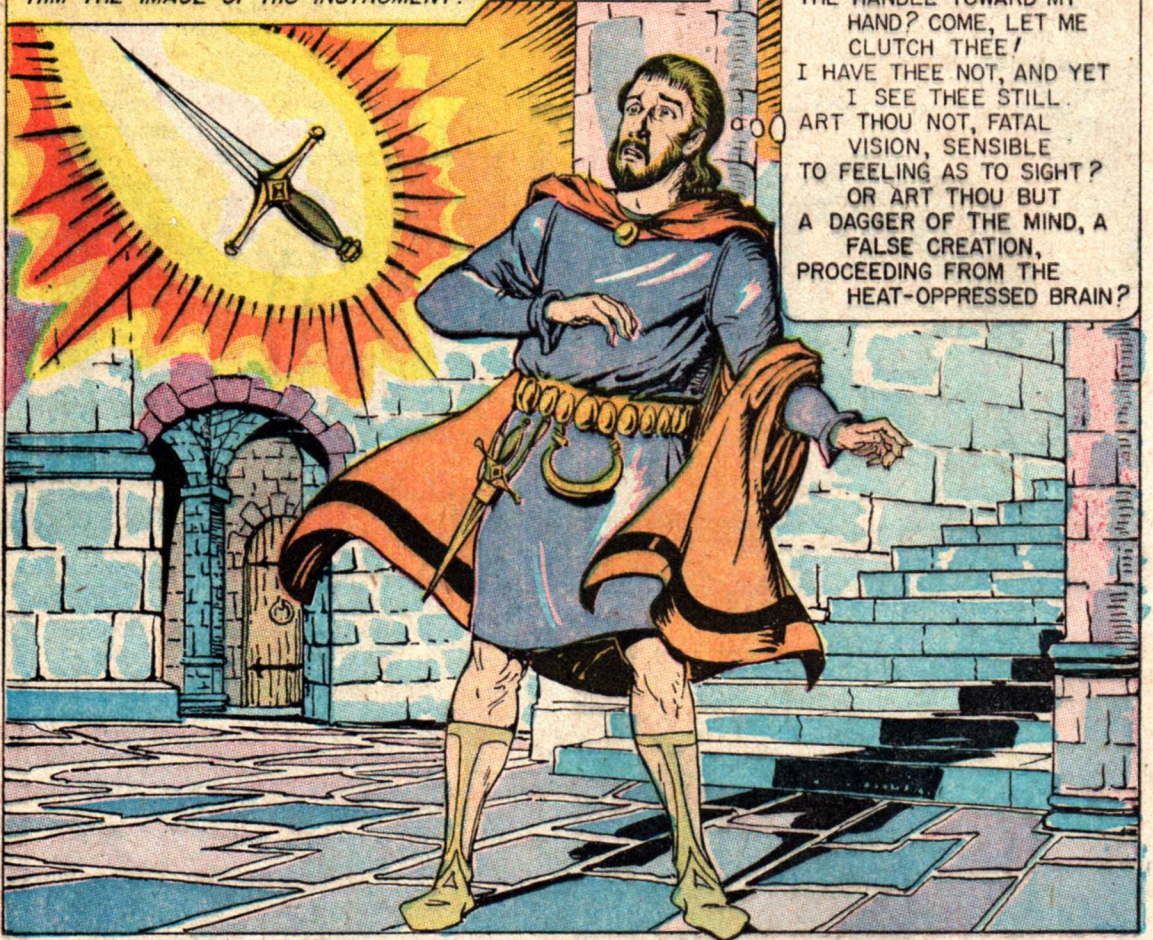
BRING FORTH MEN-CHILDREN ONLY,  
FOR THY UNDAUNTED METTLE\*  
SHOULD COMPOSE  
NOTHING BUT MALES.  
AWAY, AND MOCK THE TIME  
WITH FAIREST SHOW;  
FALSE FACE MUST HIDE  
WHAT THE FALSE  
HEART DOTH KNOW.

\*Substance



**L**ATE THAT NIGHT, WHILE MACBETH AWAITED HIS WIFE'S SIGNAL THAT THE WAY WAS CLEAR, HE SAW BEFORE HIM THE IMAGE OF HIS INSTRUMENT.

IS THIS A DAGGER WHICH  
I SEE BEFORE ME,  
THE HANDLE TOWARD MY  
HAND? COME, LET ME  
CLUTCH THEE!  
I HAVE THEE NOT, AND YET  
I SEE THEE STILL.  
ART THOU NOT, FATAL  
VISION, SENSIBLE  
TO FEELING AS TO SIGHT?  
OR ART THOU BUT  
A DAGGER OF THE MIND, A  
FALSE CREATION,  
PROCEEDING FROM THE  
HEAT-OPPRESSED BRAIN?



I SEE THEE YET, IN FORM AS PALPABLE  
AS THIS WHICH NOW I DRAW.  
THOU MARSHAL'ST\* ME THE WAY THAT  
I WAS GOING,  
AND SUCH AN INSTRUMENT I WAS TO USE.  
MINE EYES ARE MADE THE FOOLS O' THE  
OTHER SENSES,  
OR ELSE WORTH ALL THE REST.  
I SEE THEE STILL;  
AND ON THY BLADE AND DUDGEON\*\*  
GOUTS OF BLOOD,  
WHICH WAS NOT SO BEFORE. THERE'S  
NO SUCH THING.  
IT IS THE BLOODY BUSINESS WHICH  
INFORMS  
THUS TO MINE EYES.



\*Lead

\*\*Wooden hilt

**T**HEN HE HEARD  
LADY MACBETH  
RING THE SIGNAL  
BELL

I GO, AND IT IS DONE  
THE BELL INVITES ME.  
HEAR IT NOT, DUNCAN,  
FOR IT IS A KNELL  
THAT SUMMONS THEE TO  
HEAVEN, OR TO HELL.



**LADY MACBETH WAITED IN THE DARKNESS.**

HE IS ABOUT IT: THE DOORS ARE OPEN,  
AND THE GROOMS DO MOCK THEIR CHARGE  
WITH SNORES. I LAID THEIR DAGGERS  
READY; HE COULD NOT MISS 'EM. HAD  
HE\* NOT RESEMBLED MY FATHER AS HE  
SLEPT, I HAD DONE IT



**T**HEN MACBETH ENTERED

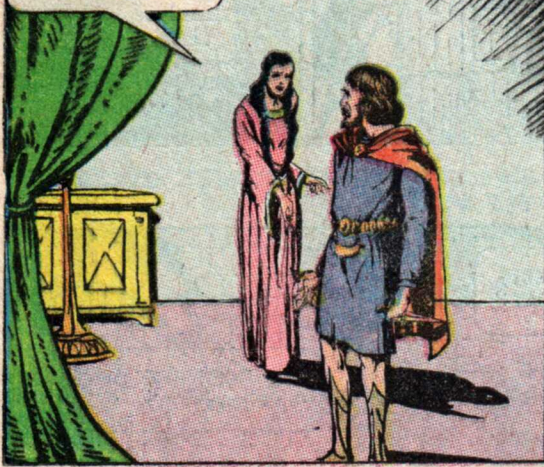
I HAVE DONE THE  
DEED. DIDST THOU  
NOT HEAR A NOISE?



METHOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE CRY  
"SLEEP NO MORE!  
MACBETH DOES MURDER SLEEP"--THE  
INNOCENT SLEEP,  
SLEEP THAT KNITS\* UP THE RAVELED\*\*  
SLEAVE\*\*\* OF CARE,  
THE DEATH OF EACH DAY'S LIFE, SORE  
LABOR'S BATH,  
BALM OF HURT MINDS, GREAT NATURE'S  
SECOND COURSE,  
CHIEF NOURISHER IN LIFE'S FEAST.  
STILL IT CRIED "SLEEP NO MORE!" TO  
ALL THE HOUSE;  
"GLAMIS HATH MURDERED SLEEP, AND  
THEREFORE CAWDOR  
SHALL SLEEP NO MORE! MACBETH SHALL  
SLEEP NO MORE!"



WHY, WORTHY THANE, YOU DO UNBEND  
YOUR NOBLE STRENGTH TO THINK SO  
BRAINSICKLY OF THINGS. WHY DID YOU  
BRING THESE DAGGERS FROM THE PLACE?  
THEY MUST LIE THERE. GO CARRY THEM  
AND SMEAR THE SLEEPY GROOMS  
WITH BLOOD.



I'LL GO NO MORE.  
I AM AFRAID TO  
THINK WHAT I HAVE  
DONE; LOOK ON'T  
AGAIN I DARE NOT.

INFIRM OF PURPOSE!  
GIVE ME THE DAGGERS.  
IF HE DO BLEED, I'LL  
GILD THE FACES OF  
THE GROOMS WITHAL,  
FOR IT MUST SEEM  
THEIR GUILT.



**T**HEN  
MACBETH  
HEARD  
A  
KNOCKING.

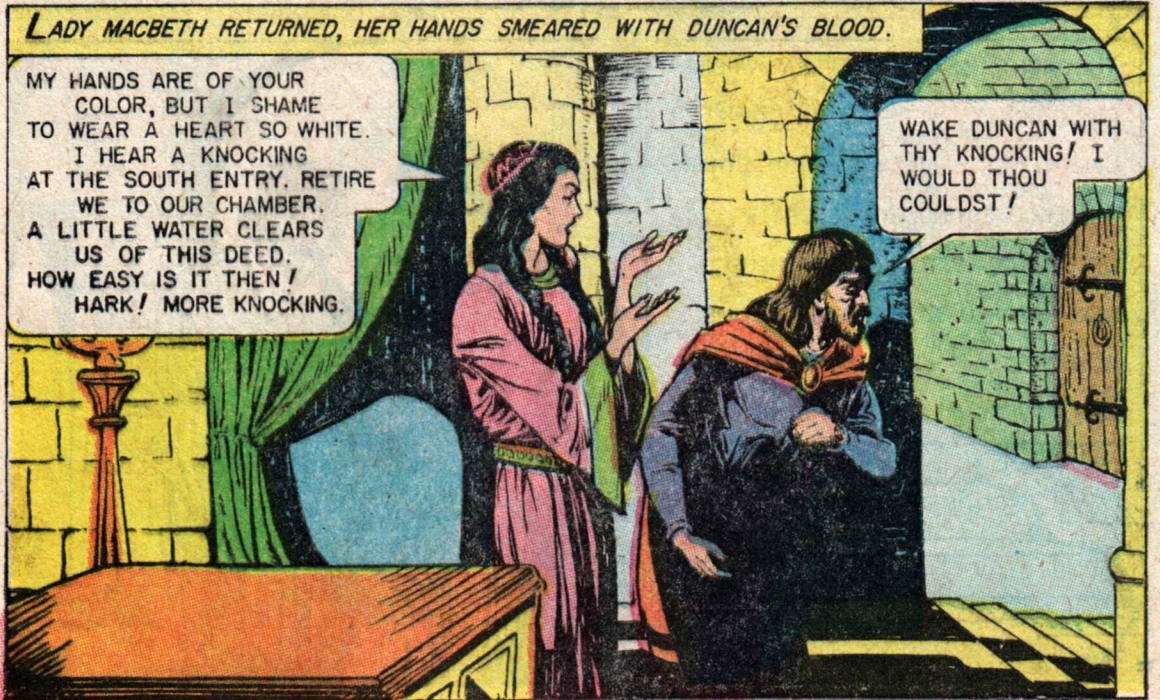
WHENCE IS THAT  
KNOCKING? HOW  
IS'T WITH ME WHEN  
EVERY NOISE  
APPALLS ME?



**LADY MACBETH RETURNED, HER HANDS SMEARED WITH DUNCAN'S BLOOD.**

MY HANDS ARE OF YOUR  
COLOR, BUT I SHAME  
TO WEAR A HEART SO WHITE.  
I HEAR A KNOCKING  
AT THE SOUTH ENTRY. RETIRE  
WE TO OUR CHAMBER.  
A LITTLE WATER CLEARS  
US OF THIS DEED.  
HOW EASY IS IT THEN!  
HARK! MORE KNOCKING.

WAKE DUNCAN WITH  
THY KNOCKING! I  
WOULD THOU  
COULDST!





**CALL**ED FROM HIS BEDROOM, MACBETH RECEIVED HIS GUESTS AND, AT MACDUFF'S REQUEST, DIRECTED HIM TO THE KING'S APARTMENT.



**SUDDENLY...**



O HORROR,  
HORROR,  
HORROR!  
TONGUE NOR  
HEART CANNOT  
CONCEIVE NOR  
NAME THEE!

**M**ACBETH AND LENNOX RAN TO THE KING'S CHAMBER AS LADY MACBETH AND BANQUO ENTERED THE ROOM.



WHAT, IN  
OUR HOUSE?

AWAKE, AWAKE!  
RING THE ALARUM BELL.  
MURDER AND TREASON!  
BANQUO AND DONALBAIN!  
MALCOLM! AWAKE!  
SHAKE OFF THIS DOWNY  
SLEEP, DEATH'S  
COUNTERFEIT,  
AND LOOK ON DEATH ITSELF!  
UP, UP, AND SEE  
THE GREAT DOOM'S IMAGE!  
OUR ROYAL MASTER'S  
MURDERED!



**T**HEN MACBETH AND LENNOX RETURNED.

HAD I BUT DIED AN  
HOUR BEFORE  
THIS CHANCE,  
I HAD LIVED A  
BLESSED TIME;  
FOR FROM THIS  
INSTANT  
THERE'S NOTHING  
SERIOUS IN  
MORTALITY;  
ALL IS BUT TOYS,  
RENNOW AND  
GRACE IS DEAD;  
THE WINE OF LIFE IS  
DRAWN, AND THE  
MERE LEES\*  
IS LEFT THIS VAULT  
TO BRAG OF.



\*Dregs

**MALCOLM AND DONALBAIN, SONS OF THE MURDERED KING, RECEIVED THE NEWS.**



WHAT IS AMISS?

YOUR ROYAL FATHER'S MURDERED.

BY WHOM?

THOSE OF HIS CHAMBER, AS IT SEEMED, HAD DONE IT. THEIR HANDS AND FACES WERE ALL BADGED WITH BLOOD; SO WERE THEIR DAGGERS, WHICH UNWIPED WE FOUND UPON THEIR PILLOWS.

O, YET I DO REPENT ME OF MY FURY THAT I DID KILL THEM.

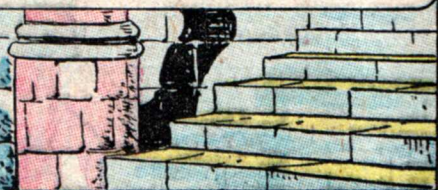


**M**ACBETH HAD RUSHED IN AND KILLED THE SLEEPY GROOMS BEFORE THEY COULD DENY THE MURDER. NOW HE TRIED TO HIDE HIS GUILT.



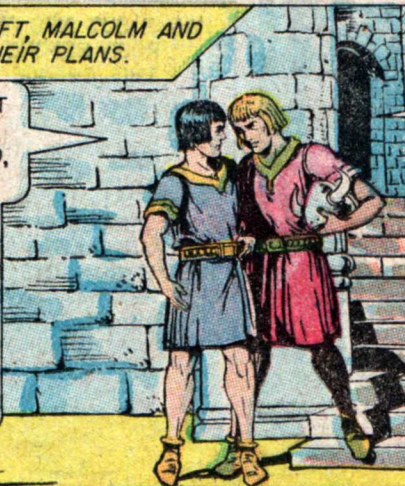
WHO CAN BE WISE, AMAZED, TEMPERATE, AND FURIOUS, LOYAL AND NEUTRAL, IN A MOMENT? NO MAN.

HERE LAY DUNCAN, HIS SILVER SKIN LACED WITH HIS GOLDEN BLOOD; THERE, THE MURDERERS, STEEPED IN THE COLORS OF THEIR TRADE. WHO COULD REFRAIN THAT HAD A HEART TO LOVE AND IN THAT HEART COURAGE TO MAKE 'S LOVE KNOWN?



**W**HEN THE OTHERS LEFT, MALCOLM AND DONALBAIN MADE THEIR PLANS.

THIS MURDEROUS SHAFT THAT'S SHOT HATH NOT YET LIGHTED, AND OUR SAFEST WAY IS TO AVOID THE AIM. THEREFORE TO HORSE! AND LET US NOT BE DAINTY OF LEAVE-TAKING BUT SHIFT AWAY. I'LL TO ENGLAND.



TO IRELAND I. OUR SEPARATED FORTUNE SHALL KEEP US BOTH THE SAFER. WHERE WE ARE, THERE'S DAGGERS IN MEN'S SMILES.

**M**ACDUFF AND ROSS MET  
SOME DAYS LATER.

IS'T KNOWN WHO  
DID THIS MORE  
THAN BLOODY  
DEED?

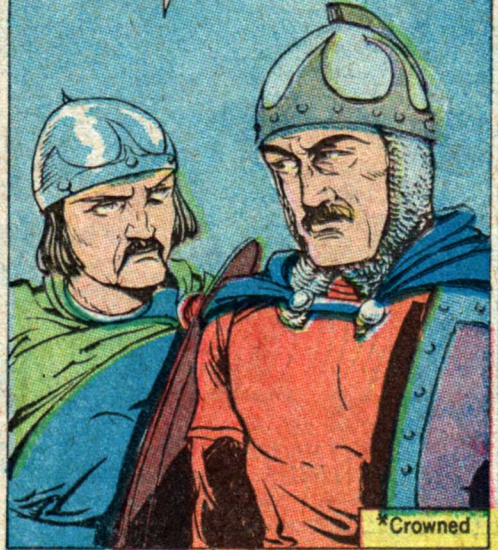
THOSE THAT MACBETH  
HATH SLAIN. THEY WERE  
SUBORNED\*. MALCOLM AND  
DONALBAIN, THE KING'S TWO  
SONS, ARE STOLEN AWAY AND FLED,  
WHICH PUTS UPON THEM SUSPICION  
OF THE DEED.



\*Hired to do it

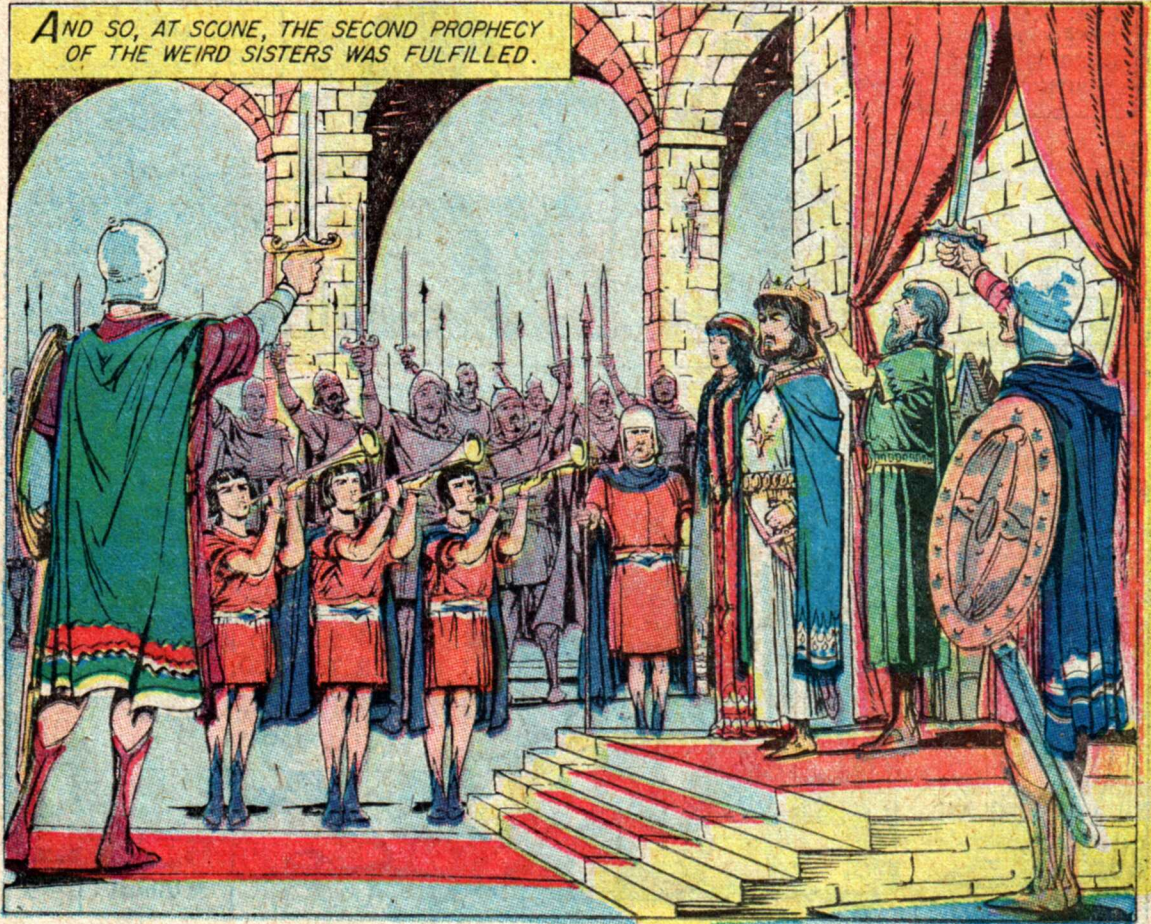
THEN 'TIS MOST  
LIKE THE  
SOVEREIGNTY  
WILL FALL UPON  
MACBETH.

HE IS ALREADY  
NAMED, AND GONE  
TO SCONE TO BE  
INVESTED\*.



\*Crowned

**A**ND SO, AT SCONE, THE SECOND PROPHECY  
OF THE WEIRD SISTERS WAS FULFILLED.



**B**ANQUO, THE GUEST OF KING MACBETH AND HIS QUEEN AT THE PALACE, LOOKED ABOUT HIM AND REMEMBERED.

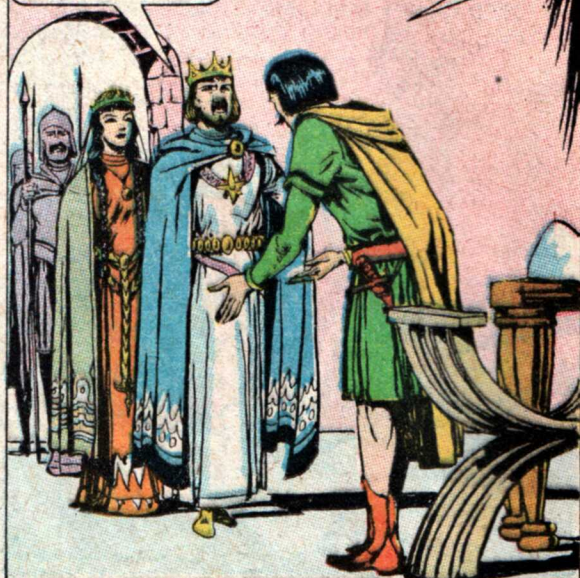
THOU HAST IT NOW-- KING, CAWDOR,  
GLAMIS, ALL,  
AS THE WEIRD WOMEN PROMISED,  
AND I FEAR  
THOU PLAYEDST MOST FOULLY FOR'T.



**T**HEN MACBETH ENTERED.

TO-NIGHT WE HOLD A SOLEMN  
SUPPER, SIR,  
AND I'LL REQUEST YOUR  
PRESENCE.

LET YOUR  
HIGHNESS  
COMMAND  
UPON ME.



RIDE YOU THIS  
AFTERNOON?  
GOES FLEANCE\*  
WITH YOU?

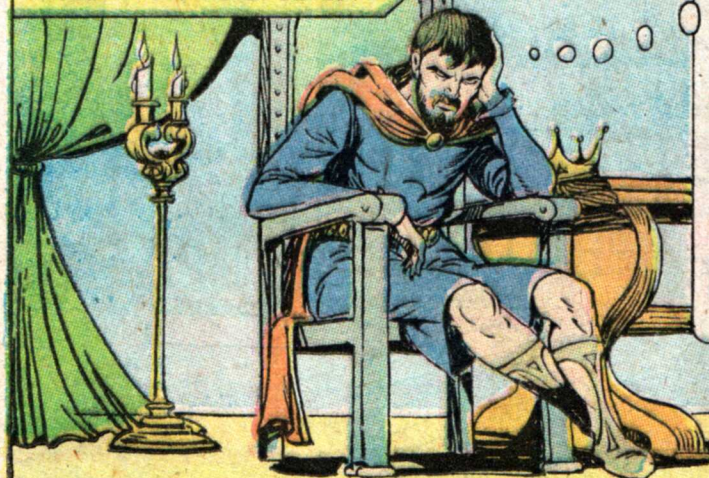
AY, MY  
GOOD LORD.



\*Banquo's son

**L**ATER, ALONE IN HIS CHAMBER,  
MACBETH ALSO REMEMBERED.

THERE IS NONE BUT HE  
WHOSE BEING I DO FEAR, AND UNDER  
HIM MY GENIUS IS REBUKED.  
THE SISTERS HAILED HIM FATHER TO  
A LINE OF KINGS. IF'T BE SO,  
FOR BANQUO'S ISSUE HAVE I FILED\*  
MY MIND;  
FOR THEM THE GRACIOUS DUNCAN  
HAVE I MURDERED;  
TO MAKE THEM KINGS, THE SEED  
OF BANQUO KINGS!  
RATHER THAN SO, COME, FATE,  
INTO THE LIST,  
AND CHAMPION ME TO THE  
UTTERANCE\*\*.



\*Defiled  
\*\*Utmost

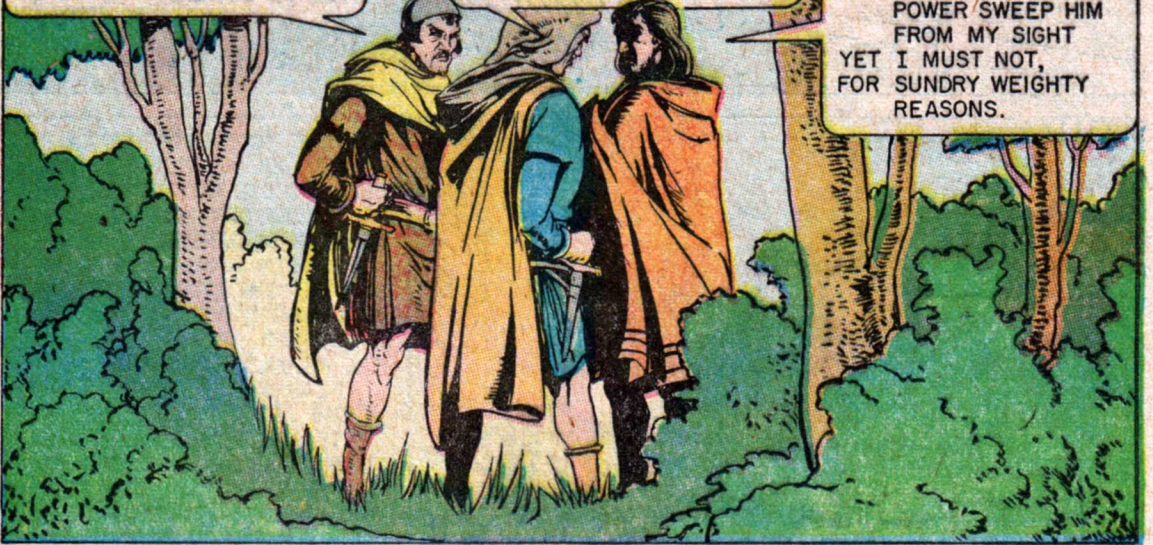
**M**ACBETH HAD TWO MURDERERS BROUGHT TO HIM. WITH THEM, HE PLOTTED THE END OF BANQUO AND FLEANCE.



I AM ONE, MY LIEGE, WHOM THE VILE BLOWS AND BUFFETS OF THE WORLD HATH SO INCENSED THAT I AM RECKLESS WHAT I DO TO SPITE THE WORLD.

AND I ANOTHER SO WEARY WITH DISASTERS, TUGGED WITH FORTUNE, THAT I WOULD SET MY LIFE ON ANY CHANCE, TO MEND IT OR BE RID ON'T.

BOTH OF YOU KNOW BANQUO WAS YOUR ENEMY. SO IS HE MINE, AND THOUGH I COULD WITH BAREFACED POWER SWEEP HIM FROM MY SIGHT YET I MUST NOT, FOR SUNDRY WEIGHTY REASONS.

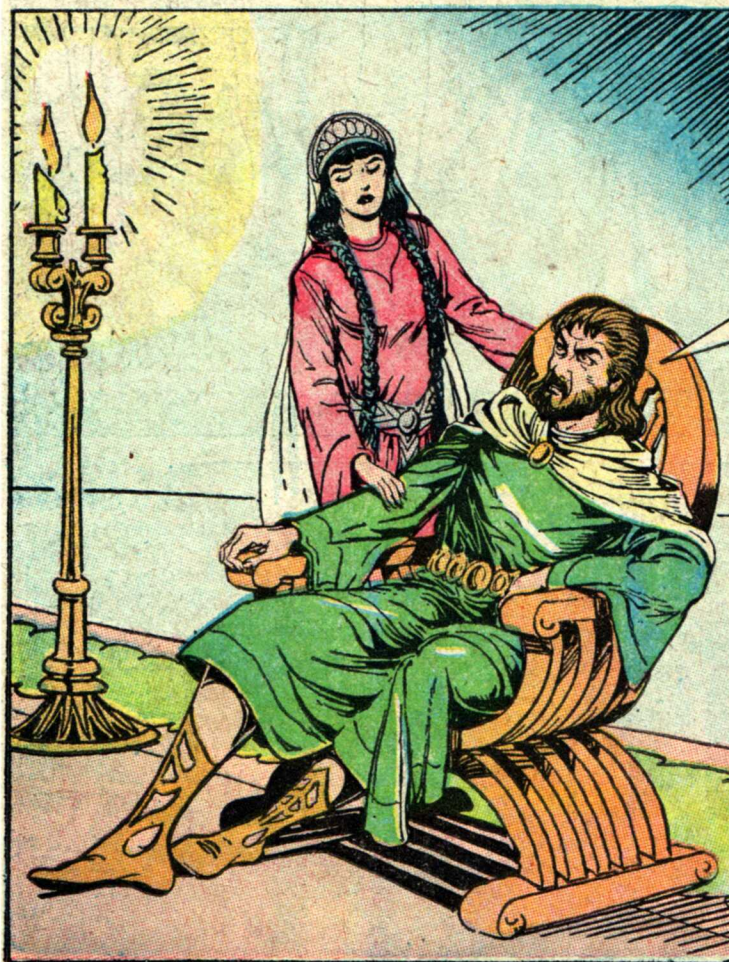
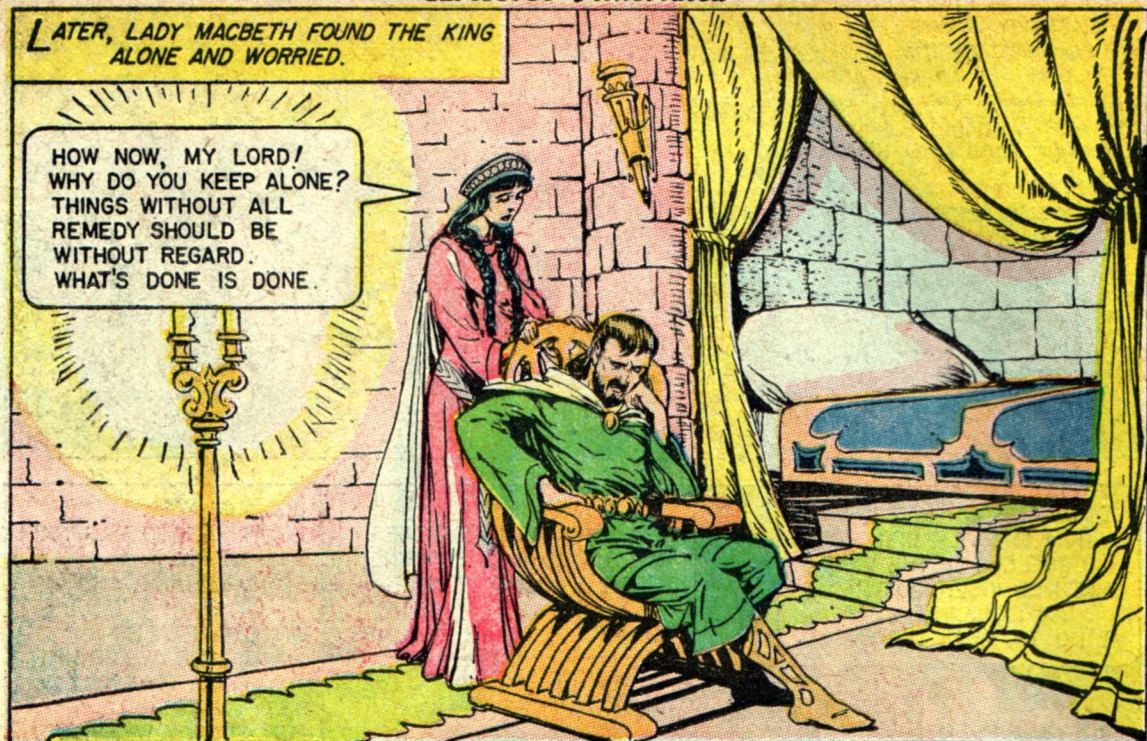


I WILL ADVISE YOU WHERE TO PLANT YOURSELVES; FOR'T MUST BE DONE TO-NIGHT.



LATER, LADY MACBETH FOUND THE KING ALONE AND WORRIED.

HOW NOW, MY LORD!  
WHY DO YOU KEEP ALONE?  
THINGS WITHOUT ALL  
REMEDY SHOULD BE  
WITHOUT REGARD.  
WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.



WE HAVE SCORCHED\* THE SNAKE,  
NOT KILLED IT.  
SHE'LL CLOSE AND BE HERSELF,  
WHILST OUR POOR MALICE  
REMAINS IN DANGER OF HER  
FORMER TOOTH.  
BUT LET THE FRAME OF THINGS  
DISJOINT, BOTH THE WORLDS  
SUFFER,  
ERE WE WILL EAT OUR MEAL IN  
FEAR AND SLEEP  
IN THE AFFLICTION OF THESE  
TERRIBLE DREAMS  
THAT SHAKE US NIGHTLY.  
BETTER BE WITH THE DEAD,  
WHOM WE, TO GAIN OUR PEACE,  
HAVE SENT TO PEACE,  
THAN ON THE TORTURE OF THE  
MIND TO LIE  
IN RESTLESS ECSTASY. DUNCAN  
IS IN HIS GRAVE;  
AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER  
HE SLEEPS WELL.  
TREASON HAS DONE HIS WORST.  
NOR STEEL, NOR POISON,  
MALICE DOMESTIC, FOREIGN LEVY,  
NOTHING,  
CAN TOUCH HIM FURTHER.

\*Slashed

THAT EVENING, LYING IN WAIT FOR BANQUO AND FLEANCE, THE TWO MURDERERS WERE SURPRISED TO SEE A THIRD.

BUT WHO DID BID THEE JOIN WITH US?

MACBETH.

THEN STAND WITH US.

HARK! I HEAR HORSES.

IT WILL BE RAIN TO-NIGHT.

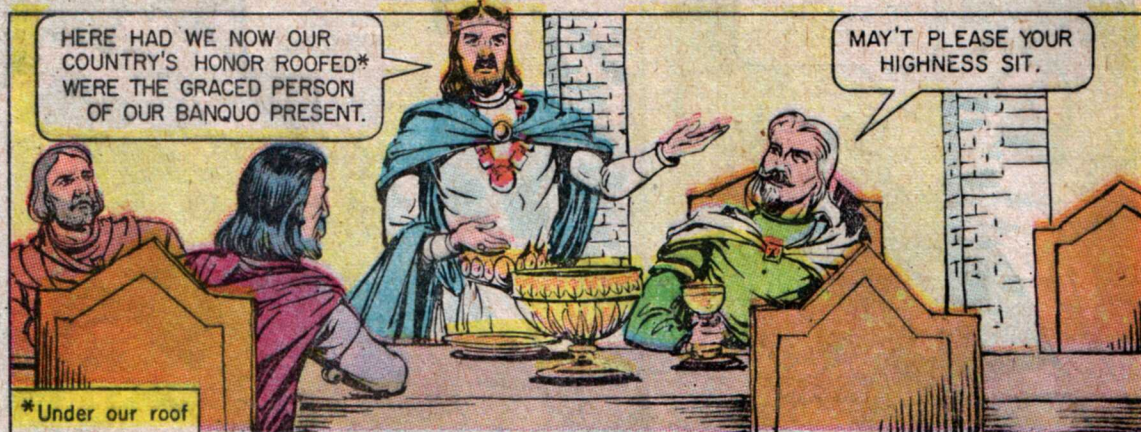
LET IT COME DOWN!

THERE'S BUT ONE DOWN; THE SON IS FLED.

LATER, WHILE GUESTS WERE BEING SEATED IN THE BANQUET HALL, THE KING WAS CALLED ASIDE.



MACBETH RETURNED TO THE BANQUET TABLE.



ONLY MACBETH  
COULD SEE  
THE GHOST  
OF BANQUO.

THOU CANST NOT SAY  
I DID IT. NEVER  
SHAKE THY GORY  
LOCKS AT ME.

GENTLEMEN,  
RISE. HIS  
HIGHNESS IS  
NOT WELL.

SIT, WORTHY FRIENDS.  
THE FIT IS MOMENTARY;  
FEED, AND REGARD  
HIM NOT.



PRITHEE, SEE THERE!  
BEHOLD! LOOK!  
LO! HOW SAY YOU?  
WHY, WHAT CARE I?  
IF THOU CANST NOD,  
SPEAK TOO.



THEN  
THE  
GHOST  
WAS  
GONE.

IF I STAND HERE, I SAW HIM.  
THE TIME HAS BEEN,  
THAT, WHEN THE BRAINS WERE  
OUT, THE MAN WOULD DIE,  
AND THERE AN END; BUT  
NOW THEY RISE AGAIN,  
WITH TWENTY MORTAL  
MURDERS ON THEIR  
CROWNS,  
AND PUSH US FROM  
OUR STOOLS. THIS  
IS MORE STRANGE  
THAN SUCH A MURDER IS.

MY WORTHY LORD,  
YOUR NOBLE FRIENDS  
DO LACK YOU.



I DO FORGET.  
DO NOT MUSE AT ME, MY  
MOST WORTHY FRIENDS.  
I HAVE A STRANGE INFIRMITY,  
WHICH IS NOTHING  
TO THOSE THAT KNOW ME.  
COME, LOVE AND HEALTH  
TO ALL!  
THEN I'LL SIT DOWN.  
GIVE ME SOME WINE,  
FILL FULL.  
I DRINK TO THE GENERAL  
JOY O' THE WHOLE TABLE,  
AND TO OUR DEAR FRIEND  
BANQUO, WHOM WE MISS.  
WOULD HE WERE HERE! TO  
ALL, AND HIM, WE THIRST,  
AND ALL TO ALL.



**B**UT AS HE STARTED TO TAKE HIS SEAT, AGAIN HE  
SAW THE FORM OF THE MURDERED BANQUO.

AVAUNT AND QUIT MY  
SIGHT! LET THE  
EARTH HIDE THEE!  
THY BONES ARE MARROWLESS,  
THY BLOOD IS COLD;  
THOU HAST NO SPECULATION  
IN THOSE EYES  
WHICH THOU DOST GLARE  
WITH!

I PRAY YOU, SPEAK NOT.  
HE GROWS WORSE AND  
WORSE.  
AT ONCE, GOOD NIGHT.  
STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER  
OF YOUR GOING,  
BUT GO AT ONCE.



AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF THE GUESTS..

YOU HAVE DISPLACED THE MIRTH,  
BROKE THE GOOD MEETING  
WITH MOST ADMIRED DISORDER.

IT WILL HAVE BLOOD, THEY  
SAY; BLOOD WILL HAVE BLOOD.



I WILL TO-MORROW TO  
THE WEIRD SISTERS.  
MORE SHALL THEY SPEAK,  
FOR NOW I AM  
BENT TO KNOW,  
BY THE WORST MEANS,  
THE WORST. FOR  
MINE OWN GOOD  
ALL CAUSES SHALL GIVE  
WAY I AM IN BLOOD  
STEPPED IN SO FAR THAT,  
SHOULD I WADE NO  
MORE,  
RETURNING WERE AS  
TEDIOUS AS GO O'ER.



**T**HE FOLLOWING NIGHT, THE WEIRD SISTERS PREPARED TO RECEIVE MACBETH.

DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL  
AND TROUBLE;  
FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON  
BUBBLE.



**T**HEN . . .

HOW NOW, YOU SECRET, BLACK,  
AND MIDNIGHT HAGS?  
I CONJURE YOU BY THAT  
WHICH YOU PROFESS,  
HOWE'ER YOU COME TO KNOW  
IT, ANSWER ME.  
ANSWER ME  
TO WHAT I ASK YOU.

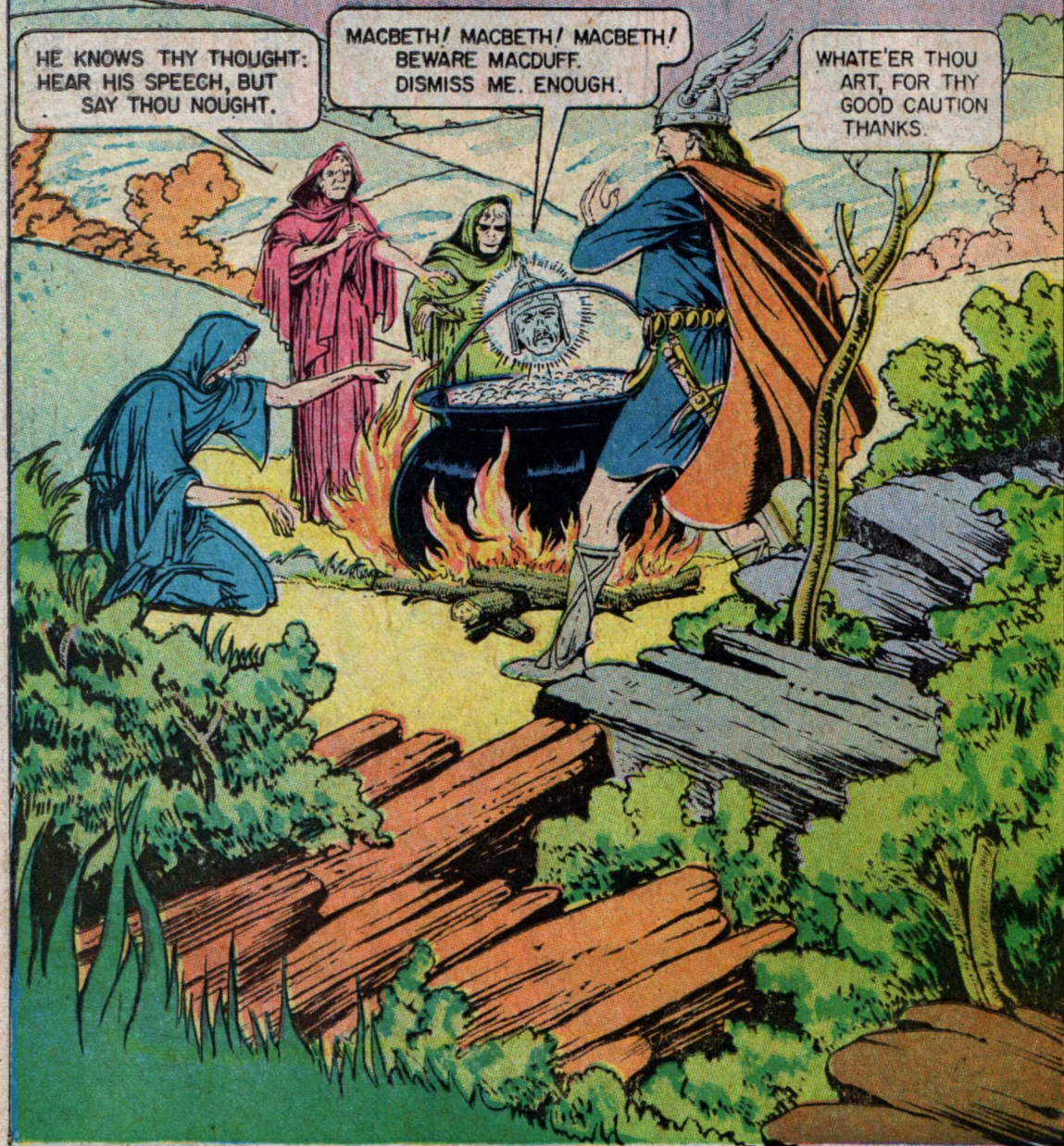
SPEAK.

DEMAND.

WE'LL  
ANSWER.



**T**HERE WAS A ROLL OF THUNDER AND THEN A STRANGE IMAGE APPEARED.



**T**HEN,  
THERE WAS  
A SECOND  
IMAGE.

BE BLOODY, BOLD AND RESOLUTE;  
LAUGH TO SCORN  
THE POWER OF MAN, FOR NONE  
OF WOMAN BORN  
SHALL HARM MACBETH.

THEN LIVE, MACDUFF. WHAT  
NEED I FEAR OF THEE?  
BUT YET I'LL MAKE ASSURANCE  
DOUBLE SURE  
AND TAKE A BOND OF FATE.  
THOU SHALT NOT LIVE!



**A** THIRD APPARITION APPEARED.

MACBETH SHALL NEVER  
VANQUISHED BE UNTIL  
GREAT BIRNAM WOOD TO  
HIGH DUNSINANE HILL  
SHALL COME AGAINST HIM.

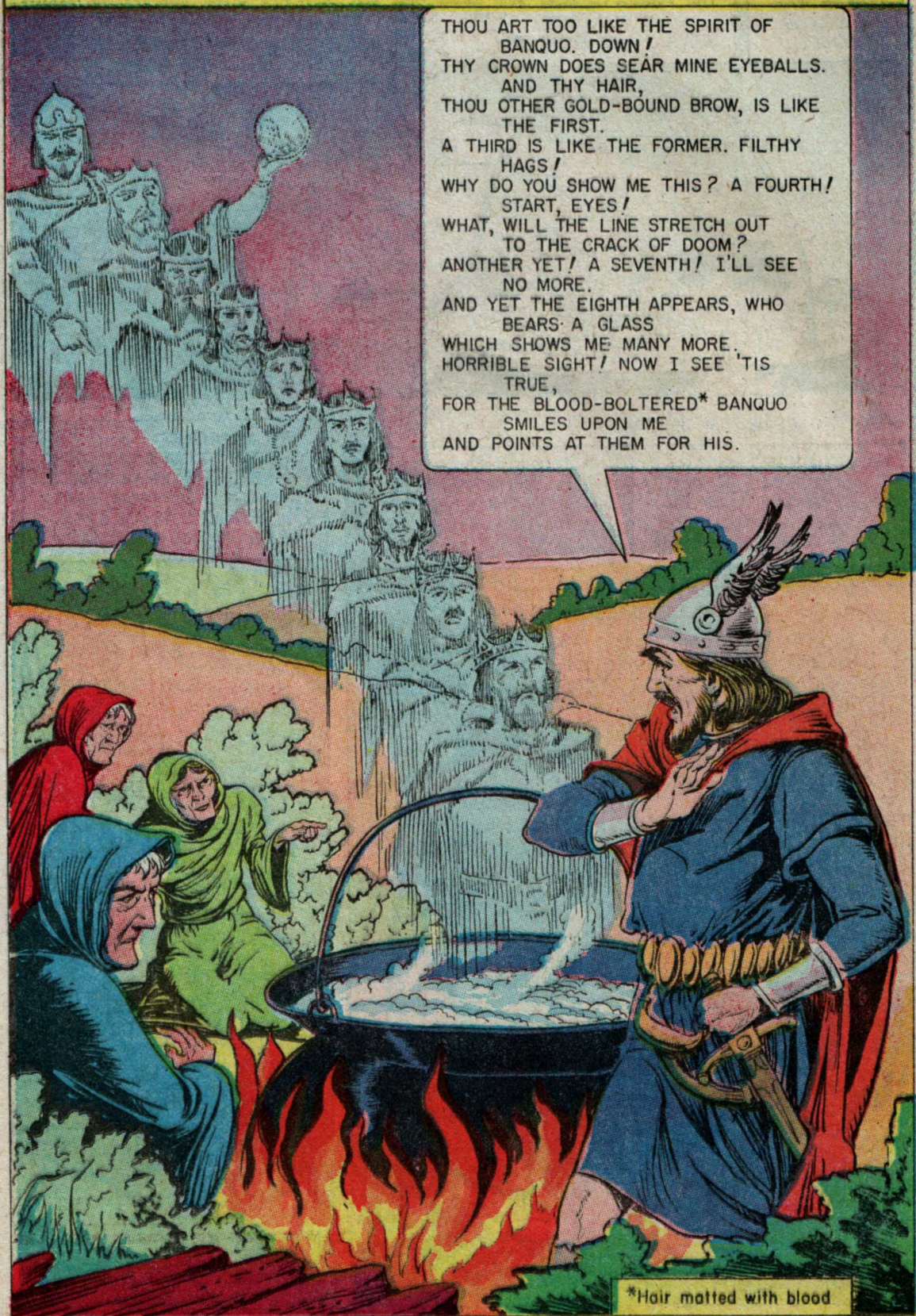
THAT WILL NEVER BE.  
WHO CAN IMPRESS THE  
FOREST, BID THE TREE  
UNFIX HIS EARTH-BOUND  
ROOT?

YET MY HEART  
THROBS TO KNOW ONE THING.  
TELL ME, IF YOUR ART  
CAN TELL SO MUCH, SHALL  
BANQUO'S ISSUE EVER  
REIGN IN THIS KINGDOM?



**T**HE WITCHES' POWER BROUGHT BEFORE MACBETH THE VISION OF EIGHT KINGS, ALL DESCENDANTS OF BANQUO. THEY APPEARED ONE BY ONE, FOLLOWED BY BANQUO.

THOU ART TOO LIKE THE SPIRIT OF  
BANQUO. DOWN!  
THY CROWN DOES SEAR MINE EYEBALLS.  
AND THY HAIR,  
THOU OTHER GOLD-BOUND BROW, IS LIKE  
THE FIRST.  
A THIRD IS LIKE THE FORMER. FILTHY  
HAGS!  
WHY DO YOU SHOW ME THIS? A FOURTH!  
START, EYES!  
WHAT, WILL THE LINE STRETCH OUT  
TO THE CRACK OF DOOM?  
ANOTHER YET! A SEVENTH! I'LL SEE  
NO MORE.  
AND YET THE EIGHTH APPEARS, WHO  
BEARS A GLASS  
WHICH SHOWS ME MANY MORE.  
HORRIBLE SIGHT! NOW I SEE 'TIS  
TRUE,  
FOR THE BLOOD-BOLTERED\* BANQUO  
SMILES UPON ME  
AND POINTS AT THEM FOR HIS.



\*Hair matted with blood

**F**ROM THE WITCHES' MESSAGES, MACBETH KNEW HE HAD MACDUFF TO FEAR. HE DECIDED TO HAVE HIM AND HIS FAMILY KILLED. MACDUFF HAD ALREADY FLED TO ENGLAND, ALONG WITH MANY OTHER THANES, TO ESCAPE MACBETH'S BLOODY REIGN. BUT HE LEFT LADY MACDUFF AND THEIR CHILDREN AT HIS CASTLE AT FIFE. ONE DAY, A STRANGER CAME TO SEE LADY MACDUFF.

BLESS YOU, FAIR DAME!  
IF YOU WILL TAKE A  
HOMELY MAN'S\*ADVICE,  
BE NOT FOUND HERE.  
HENCE WITH YOUR  
LITTLE ONES!  
I DARE ABIDE NO LONGER.

WHITHER SHOULD I FLY?  
I HAVE DONE NO HARM. BUT  
I REMEMBER NOW  
I AM IN THIS EARTHLY  
WORLD, WHERE TO DO  
HARM  
IS OFTEN LAUDABLE, TO DO  
GOOD SOMETIME  
ACCOUNTED DANGEROUS  
FOLLY.



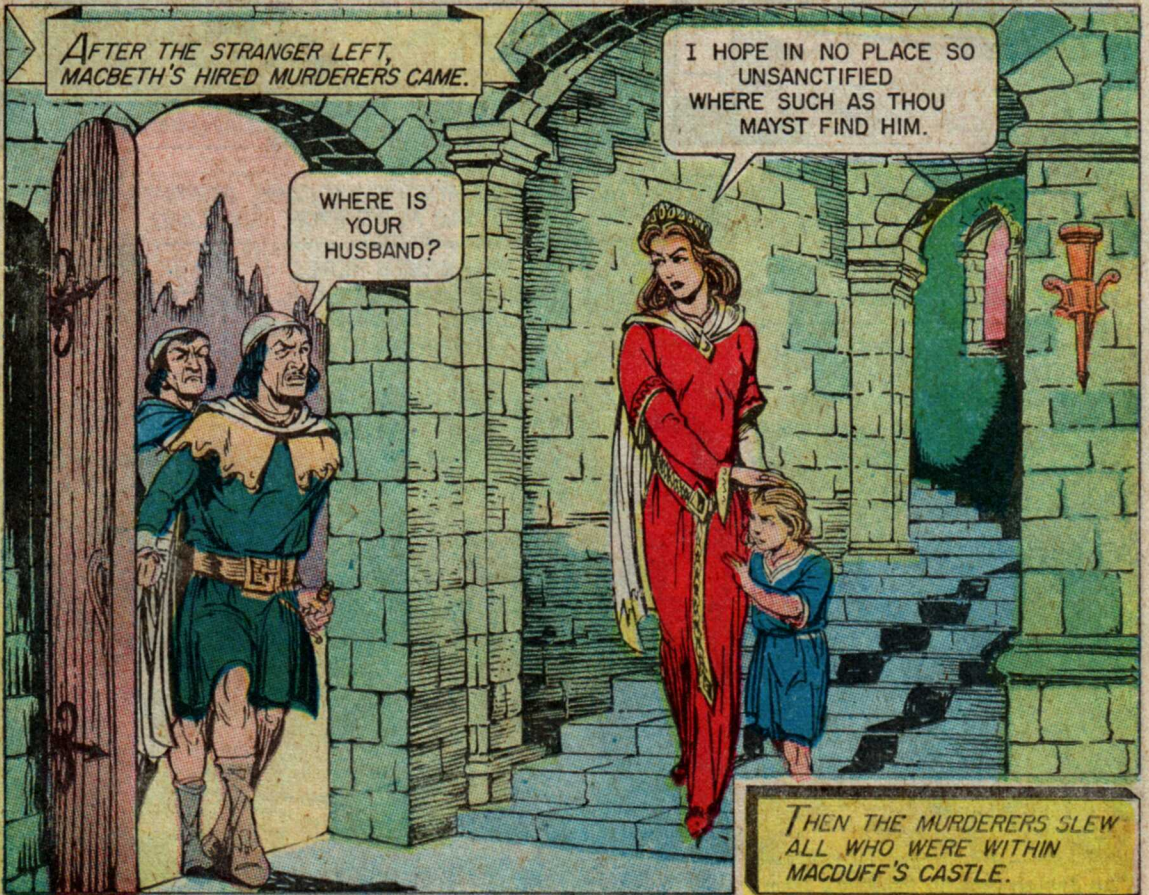
\*A man of lower rank

AFTER THE STRANGER LEFT,  
MACBETH'S HIRED MURDERERS CAME.

WHERE IS  
YOUR  
HUSBAND?

I HOPE IN NO PLACE SO  
UNSANCTIFIED  
WHERE SUCH AS THOU  
MAYST FIND HIM.

THEN THE MURDERERS SLEW  
ALL WHO WERE WITHIN  
MACDUFF'S CASTLE.



IN ENGLAND, MALCOLM\* AND MACDUFF DISCUSSED THE PLIGHT OF THEIR HOMELAND.



LET US SEEK OUT SOME  
DESOLATE SHADE, AND THERE  
WEEP OUR SAD BOSOMS EMPTY,

LET US RATHER  
HOLD FAST THE MORTAL SWORD  
AND, LIKE GOOD MEN,  
BESTRIDE OUR DOWNFALL'N  
BIRTHDOM. EACH NEW MORN  
NEW WIDOWS HOWL, NEW ORPHANS  
CRY, NEW SORROWS  
STRIKE HEAVEN ON THE FACE.

\*Duncan's elder son

**M**ALCOLM HAD FOUND  
LOYAL FRIENDS AND HE  
TOLD MACDUFF THAT PLANS  
WERE BEING MADE TO RETURN  
TO SCOTLAND AND WIN THE  
THRONE FROM MACBETH.

GRACIOUS ENGLAND HATH  
LENT US GOOD SIWARD\*  
AND TEN THOUSAND MEN.



\*An English general, Malcolm's uncle

THE THANE OF ROSS THEN CAME, BRINGING  
THE LATEST SAD NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

SEE WHO COMES HERE.  
MY EVER GENTLE COUSIN,  
WELCOME. STANDS  
SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?

ALAS, POOR  
COUNTRY.



WHEN I CAME HITHER TO  
TRANSPORT THE TIDINGS,  
WHICH I HAVE HEAVILY BORNE,  
THERE RAN A RUMOR  
OF MANY WORTHY FELLOWS  
THAT WERE OUT.  
NOW IS THE TIME OF HELP.  
YOUR EYE IN SCOTLAND  
WOULD CREATE SOLDIERS,  
MAKE OUR WOMEN FIGHT  
TO DOFF THEIR DIRE  
DISTRESSES.

BE'T THEIR COMFORT  
WE ARE COMING THITHER.



WOULD I COULD ANSWER  
THIS COMFORT WITH THE LIKE!  
BUT I HAVE WORDS  
THAT WOULD BE HOWLED OUT  
IN THE DESERT AIR,  
WHERE HEARING SHOULD NOT  
LATCH THEM.

IF IT BE MINE,  
KEEP IT NOT FROM ME;  
QUICKLY LET ME  
HAVE IT.

YOUR CASTLE IS SURPRISED;  
YOUR WIFE AND BABES  
SAVAGELY SLAUGHTERED.



O, I COULD PLAY THE  
WOMAN WITH MINE EYES  
AND BRAGGART WITH MY  
TONGUE! BUT, GENTLE  
HEAVENS,  
CUT SHORT ALL INTERMISSION.  
FRONT TO FRONT  
BRING THOU THIS FIEND OF  
SCOTLAND AND MYSELF.  
WITHIN MY SWORD'S LENGTH  
SET HIM.



**B**ACK IN SCOTLAND, MACBETH HAD MADE HIS HOME IN DUNSINANE. TO THIS STRUNG-HOLD, LADY MACBETH'S GENTLEWOMAN CALLED A DOCTOR TO OBSERVE THE QUEER CONDUCT OF THE QUEEN.

I HAVE SEEN HER RISE FROM HER BED, THROW HER NIGHTGOWN UPON HER, UNLOCK HER CLOSET, TAKE FORTH PAPER, FOLD IT, WRITE UPON'T, READ IT, AFTERWARDS SEAL IT, AND AGAIN RETURN TO BED; YET ALL THIS WHILE IN A MOST FAST SLEEP.

IN THIS SLUMBERY AGITATION, WHAT, AT ANY TIME, HAVE YOU HEARD HER SAY?



THAT, SIR, WHICH I WILL NOT REPORT AFTER HER; NEITHER TO YOU NOR ANY ONE, HAVING NO WITNESS TO CONFIRM MY SPEECH.



LO YOU, HERE SHE COMES! THIS IS HER VERY GUISE; AND, UPON MY LIFE, FAST ASLEEP! OBSERVE HER; STAND CLOSE.



WHAT IS IT SHE DOES NOW? LOOK HOW SHE RUBS HER HANDS.

IT IS AN ACCUSTOMED ACTION WITH HER, TO SEEM THUS WASHING HER HANDS. I HAVE KNOWN HER CONTINUE IN THIS A QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

YET HERE'S A SPOT.

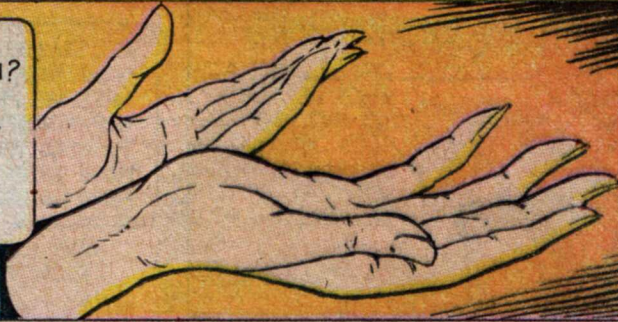




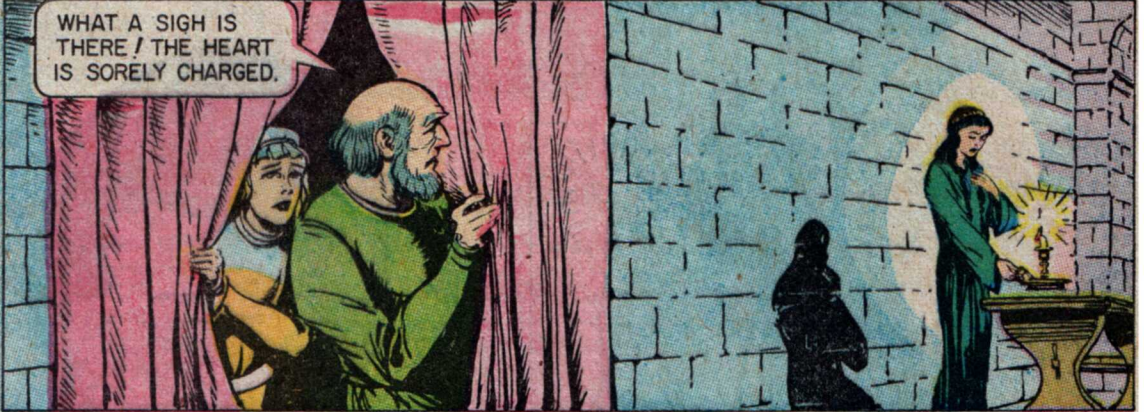
FIE, MY LORD, FIE!  
A SOLDIER, AND AFRAID? WHAT  
NEED WE FEAR WHO KNOWS IT,  
WHEN NONE CAN CALL OUR POWER  
TO ACCOUNT? YET WHO WOULD  
HAVE THOUGHT THE OLD MAN TO  
HAVE HAD SO MUCH BLOOD IN HIM?



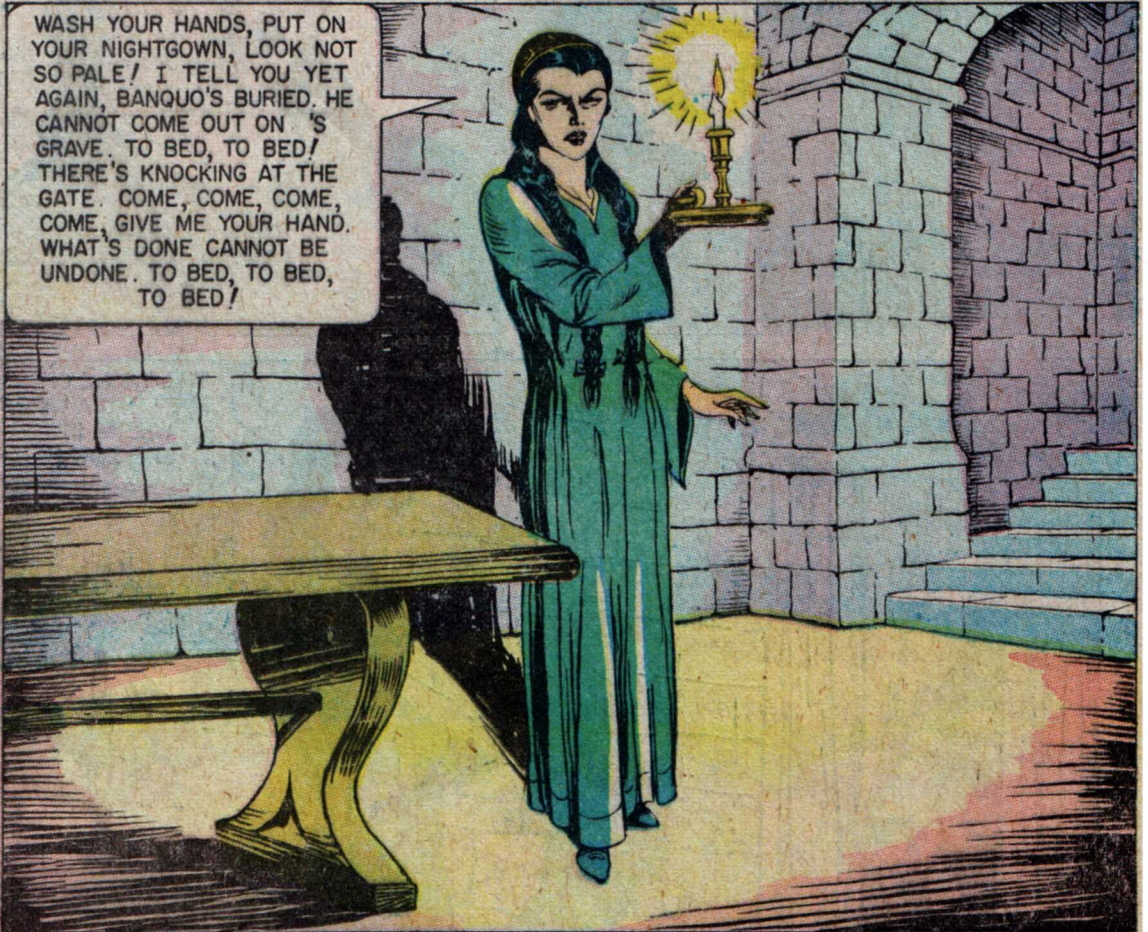
WHAT, WILL THESE  
HANDS NE'ER BE CLEAN?  
HERE'S THE SMELL OF  
THE BLOOD STILL. ALL  
THE PERFUMES OF  
ARABIA WILL NOT  
SWEETEN THIS LITTLE  
HAND. OH, OH, OH!



WHAT A SIGH IS  
THERE! THE HEART  
IS SORELY CHARGED.

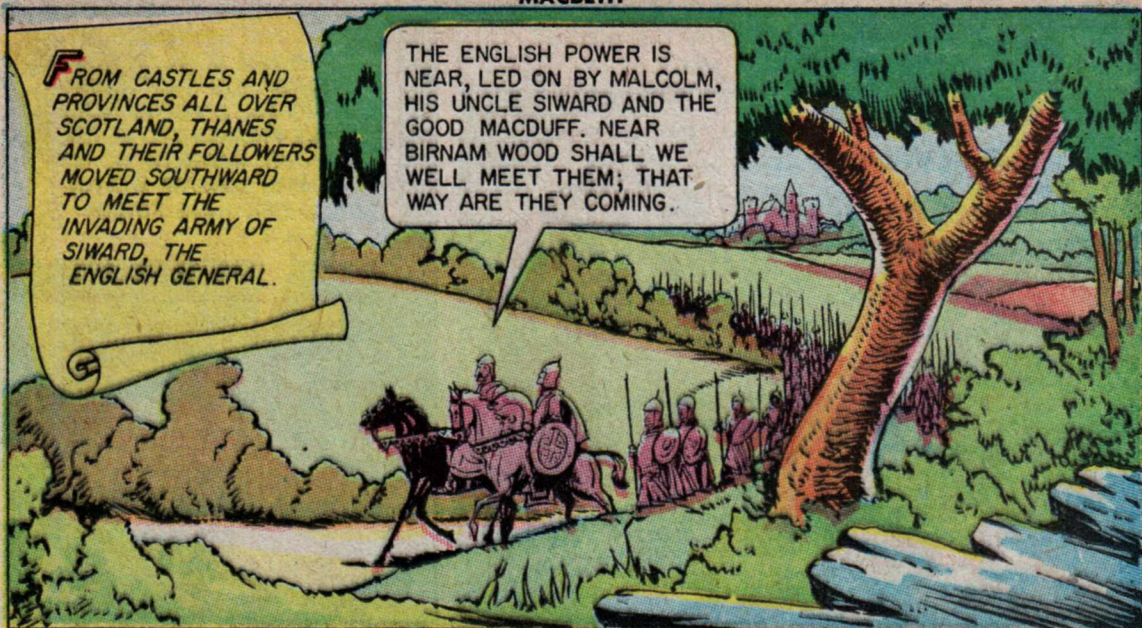


WASH YOUR HANDS, PUT ON  
YOUR NIGHTGOWN, LOOK NOT  
SO PALE! I TELL YOU YET  
AGAIN, BANQUO'S BURIED. HE  
CANNOT COME OUT ON 'S  
GRAVE. TO BED, TO BED!  
THERE'S KNOCKING AT THE  
GATE. COME, COME, COME,  
COME, GIVE ME YOUR HAND.  
WHAT'S DONE CANNOT BE  
UNDONE. TO BED, TO BED,  
TO BED!



FROM CASTLES AND PROVINCES ALL OVER SCOTLAND, THANES AND THEIR FOLLOWERS MOVED SOUTHWARD TO MEET THE INVADING ARMY OF SIWARD, THE ENGLISH GENERAL.

THE ENGLISH POWER IS NEAR, LED ON BY MALCOLM, HIS UNCLE SIWARD AND THE GOOD MACDUFF. NEAR BIRNAM WOOD SHALL WE WELL MEET THEM; THAT WAY ARE THEY COMING.



THE THANES WERE NOT GOING OUT TO RESIST THE INVADERS, BUT TO WELCOME THEM.

GREAT DUNSLINANE HE STRONGLY FORTIFIES. SOME SAY HE'S MAD; OTHERS, THAT LESSER HATE HIM, DO CALL IT VALIANT FURY.

NOW DOES HE FEEL HIS SECRET MURDERS STICKING ON HIS HANDS:

NOW DOES HE FEEL HIS TITLE HANG LOOSE ABOUT HIM, LIKE A GIANT'S ROBE UPON A DWARFISH THIEF.

WHAT DOES THE TYRANT\*?

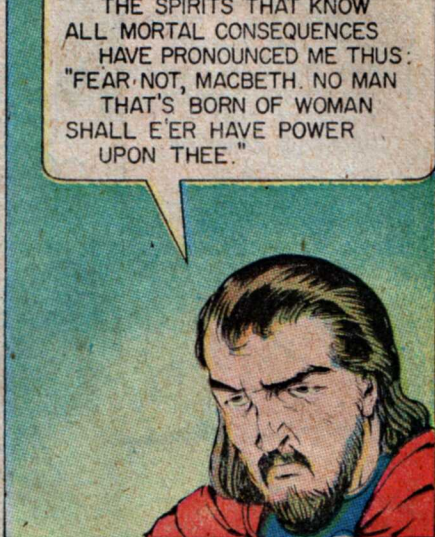


\* Macbeth

AT DUNSINANE, MACBETH RELIED UPON THE WITCHES' PROPHECIES TO SAVE HIM.

BRING ME NO MORE REPORTS. LET THEM FLY ALL!  
TILL BIRNAM WOOD REMOVE TO DUNSINANE,  
I CANNOT TAINT WITH FEAR.

WHAT'S THE BOY MALCOLM?  
WAS HE NOT BORN OF WOMAN?  
THE SPIRITS THAT KNOW  
ALL MORTAL CONSEQUENCES  
HAVE PRONOUNCED ME THUS:  
"FEAR NOT, MACBETH. NO MAN  
THAT'S BORN OF WOMAN  
SHALL E'ER HAVE POWER  
UPON THEE."



THEN A MESSENGER ENTERED.

WHERE GOT'ST THOU  
THAT GOOSE LOOK?

THERE IS TEN THOUSAND  
SOLDIERS, SIR.



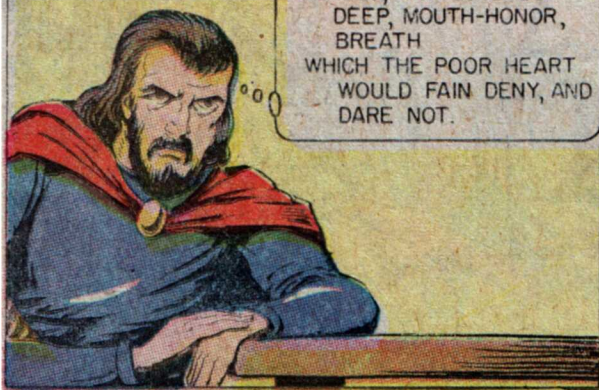
WHAT SOLDIERS,  
WHEY-FACE\*?

THE ENGLISH  
FORCE.



\*Milk-face

THIS PUSH  
WILL CHEER ME EVER OR DISSEAT ME NOW.  
I HAVE LIVED LONG ENOUGH.  
AND THAT WHICH SHOULD ACCOMPANY OLD AGE,  
AS HONOR, LOVE, OBEDIENCE, TROOPS OF FRIENDS,  
I MUST NOT LOOK TO HAVE; BUT, IN THEIR STEAD,  
CURSES, NOT LOUD BUT  
DEEP, MOUTH-HONOR,  
BREATH  
WHICH THE POOR HEART  
WOULD FAIN DENY, AND  
DARE NOT.



I'LL FIGHT TILL  
FROM MY BONES  
MY FLESH BE  
HACKED. GIVE  
ME MY ARMOR.



**IN BIRNAM WOOD, SIWARD MADE HIS REPORT TO MALCOLM.**

WE LEARN NO OTHER BUT THE  
CONFIDENT TYRANT  
KEEPS STILL IN DUNSINANE.



**MALCOLM THEN REVEALED HIS STRATEGY.**

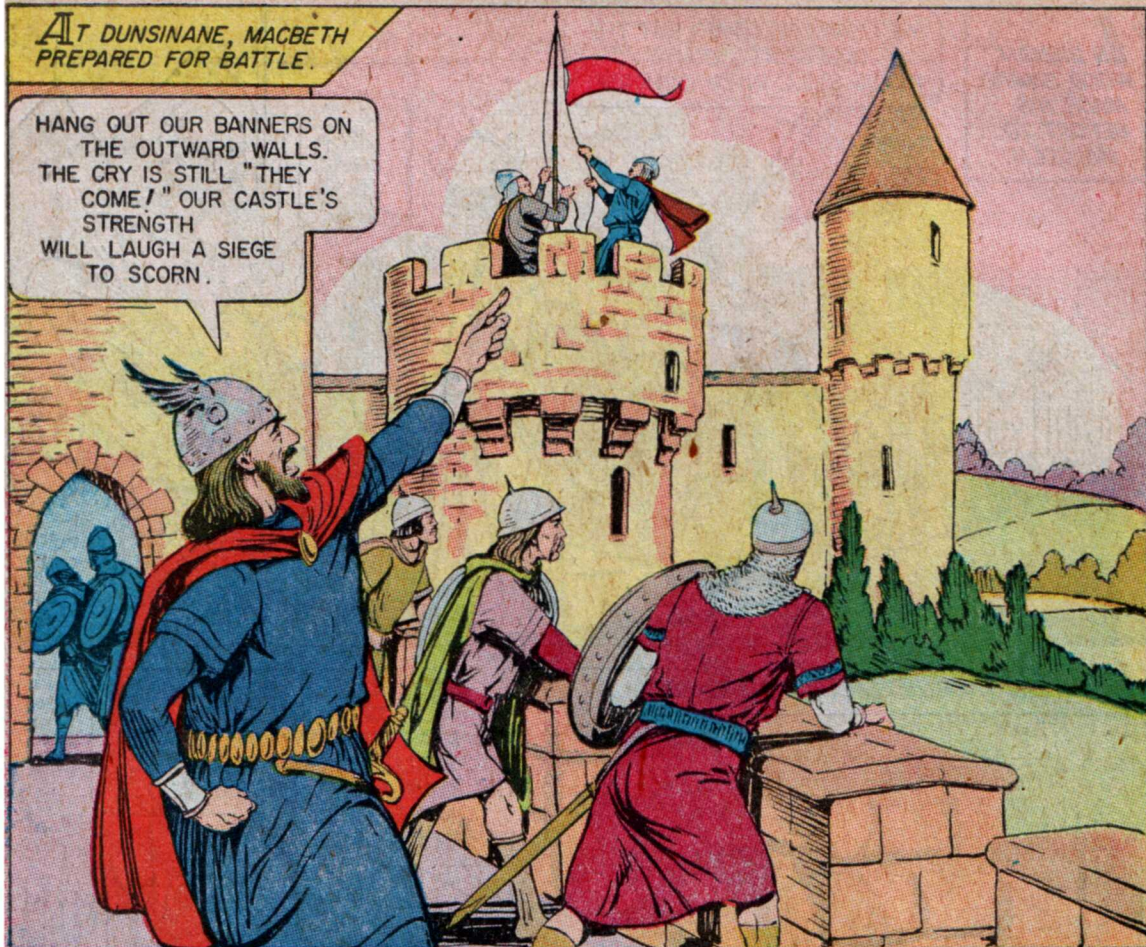
LET EVERY SOLDIER HEW\* HIM DOWN  
A BOUGH  
AND BEAR'T BEFORE HIM. THEREBY  
SHALL WE SHADOW  
THE NUMBERS OF OUR HOST AND  
MAKE DISCOVERY  
ERR IN REPORT OF US.



\*Cut

AT DUNSINANE, MACBETH  
PREPARED FOR BATTLE.

HANG OUT OUR BANNERS ON  
THE OUTWARD WALLS.  
THE CRY IS STILL "THEY  
COME!" OUR CASTLE'S  
STRENGTH  
WILL LAUGH A SIEGE  
TO SCORN.



THEN...

WHAT IS  
THAT NOISE?

IT IS THE CRY  
OF WOMEN, MY  
GOOD LORD.



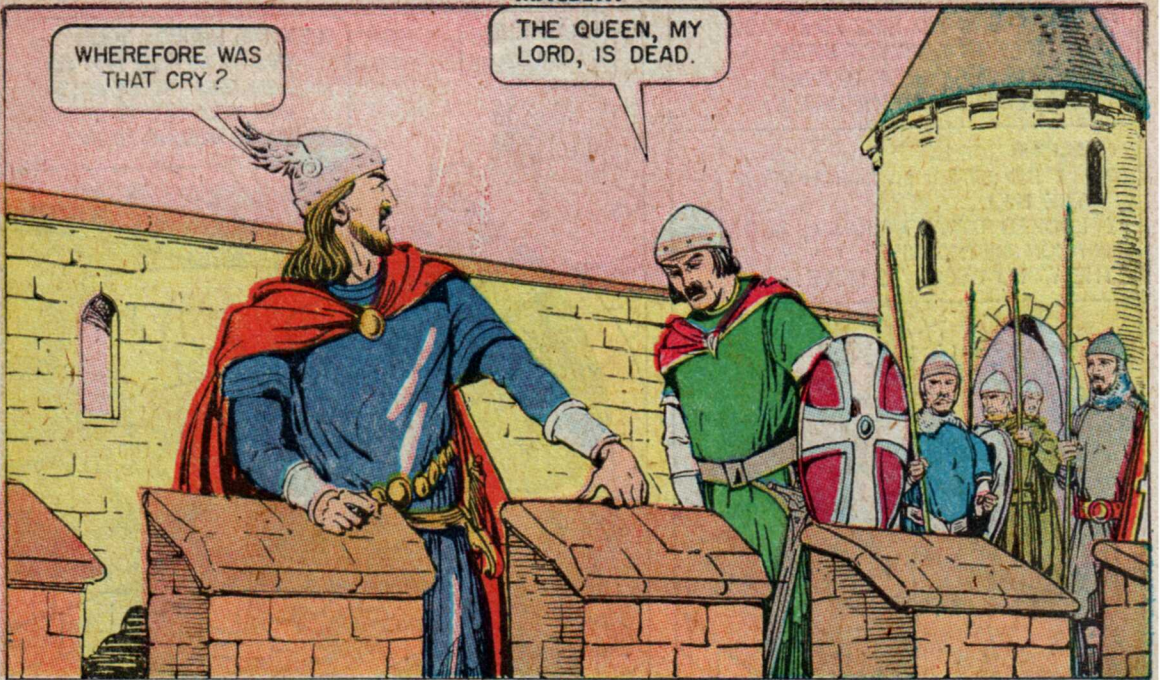
I HAVE ALMOST FORGOT THE TASTE OF FEARS.  
THE TIME HAS BEEN MY SENSES WOULD HAVE  
COOLED  
TO HEAR A NIGHT-SHRIEK, AND MY FELL OF  
HAIR  
WOULD AT A DISMAL TREATISE ROUSE AND STIR  
AS LIFE WERE IN 'T. I HAVE SUPPED FULL  
WITH HORRORS.  
DIRENESS\*, FAMILIAR TO MY SLAUGHTEROUS  
THOUGHTS,  
CANNOT UNCE START ME.



\* Horror

WHEREFORE WAS  
THAT CRY?

THE QUEEN, MY  
LORD, IS DEAD.

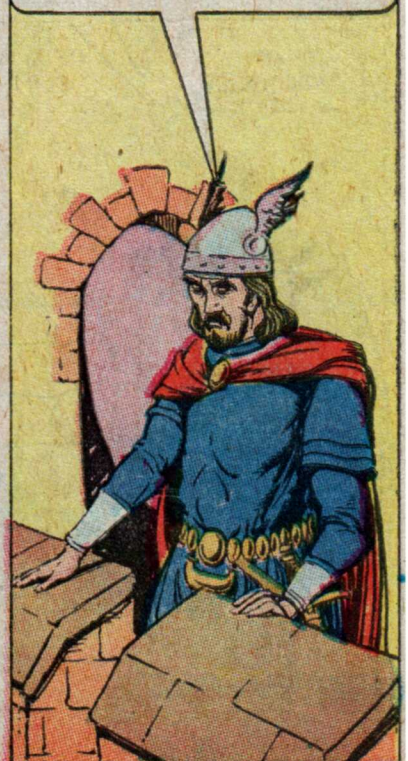


SHE SHOULD HAVE DIED HEREAFTER.\*  
THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN A TIME FOR SUCH  
A WORD.  
TO-MORROW, AND TO-MORROW, AND TO-MORROW,  
CREEPS IN THIS PETTY PACE FROM DAY TO  
DAY  
TO THE LAST SYLLABLE OF RECORDED TIME,  
AND ALL OUR YESTERDAYS HAVE LIGHTED  
FOOLS  
THE WAY TO DUSTY DEATH.  
OUT, OUT, BRIEF CANDLE!



\*She would have died inevitably

LIFE'S BUT A WALKING  
SHADOW, A POOR PLAYER,  
THAT STRUTS AND FRETS HIS  
HOUR UPON THE STAGE  
AND THEN IS HEARD NO MORE.  
IT IS A TALE  
TOLD BY AN IDIOT, FULL OF  
SOUND AND FURY,  
SIGNIFYING NOTHING.



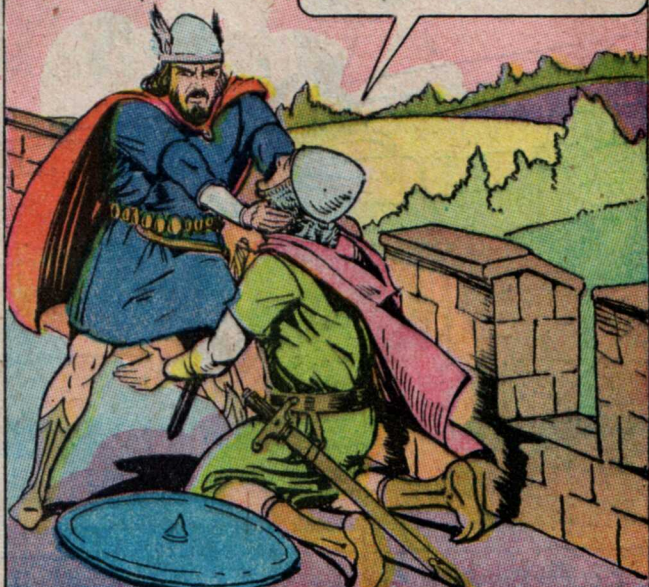
THERE WAS NO TIME TO MOURN.  
MACBETH'S MUSINGS WERE  
BROKEN RUDELY BY A MESSAGE  
WHICH SEEMED UNBELIEVABLE.

GRACIOUS MY LORD,  
AS I DID STAND MY WATCH UPON  
THE HILL,  
I LOOKED TOWARD BIRNAM, AND  
ANON METHOUGHT,  
THE WOOD BEGAN TO MOVE.



LIAR AND  
SLAVE!

LET ME ENDURE YOUR  
WRATH IF IT BE NOT SO.  
WITHIN THIS THREE MILE  
MAY YOU SEE IT COMING;  
I SAY, A MOVING GROVE.

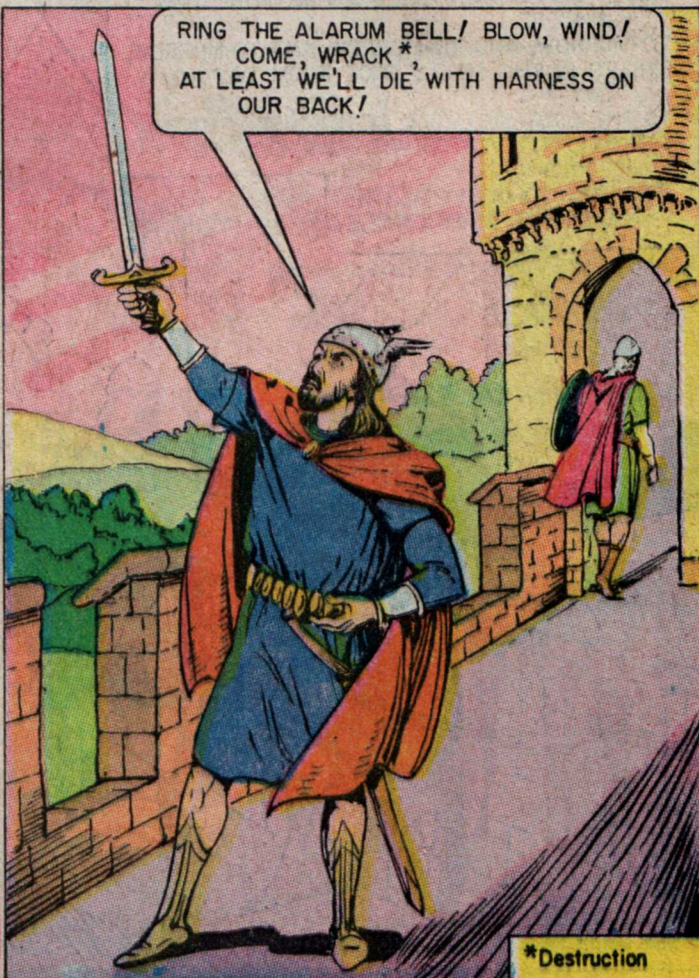


I PULL IN RESOLUTION AND BEGIN  
TO DOUBT THE EQUIVOCATION\* OF  
THE FIEND,  
THAT LIES LIKE TRUTH. "FEAR  
NOT, TILL BIRNAM WOOD  
DO COME TO DUNSINANE!" AND  
NOW A WOOD  
COMES TOWARD DUNSINANE.



\*Uncertain meaning

RING THE ALARM BELL! BLOW, WIND!  
COME, WRACK\*,  
AT LEAST WE'LL DIE WITH HARNESS ON  
OUR BACK!



\*Destruction

**M**ACBETH CHARGED FROM THE CASTLE. HE FOUND HIMSELF ALONE IN THE FOREST, DESERTED BY HIS LAST WEAK FOLLOWERS. HE HAD BUT ONE HOPE LEFT

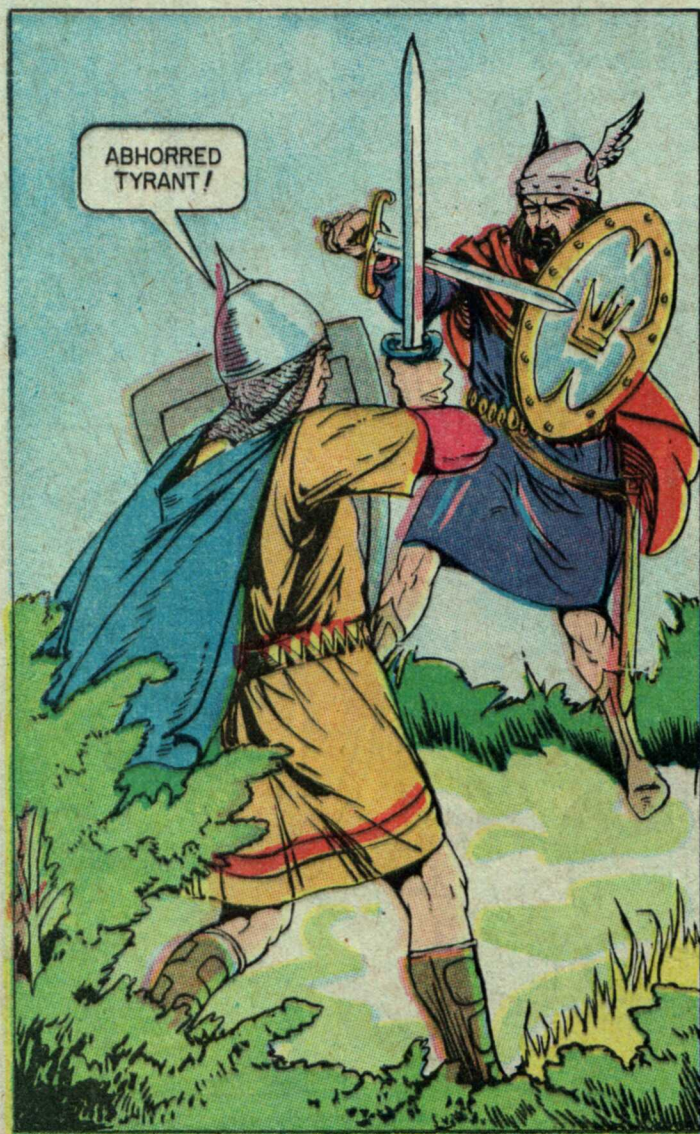
WHAT'S HE THAT WAS NOT BORN OF WOMAN? SUCH A ONE AM I TO FEAR, OR NONE.



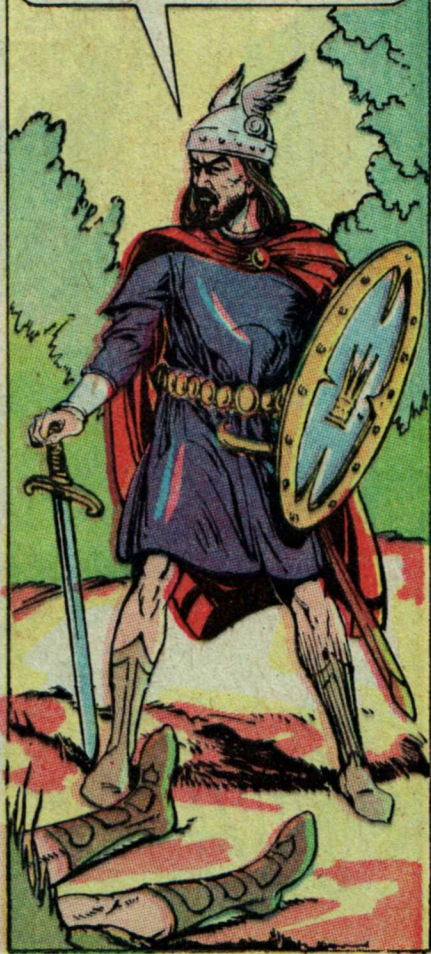
**T**HEN MACBETH HEARD A CHALLENGING CALL BEHIND HIM. HE TURNED SWIFTLY AND SAW A YOUNG ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

WHAT IS THY NAME?

MY NAME'S MACBETH.



THOU WAST BORN OF WOMAN, BUT SWORDS I SMILE AT, WEAPONS LAUGH TO SCORN, BRANDISHED BY MAN THAT'S OF A WOMAN BORN.



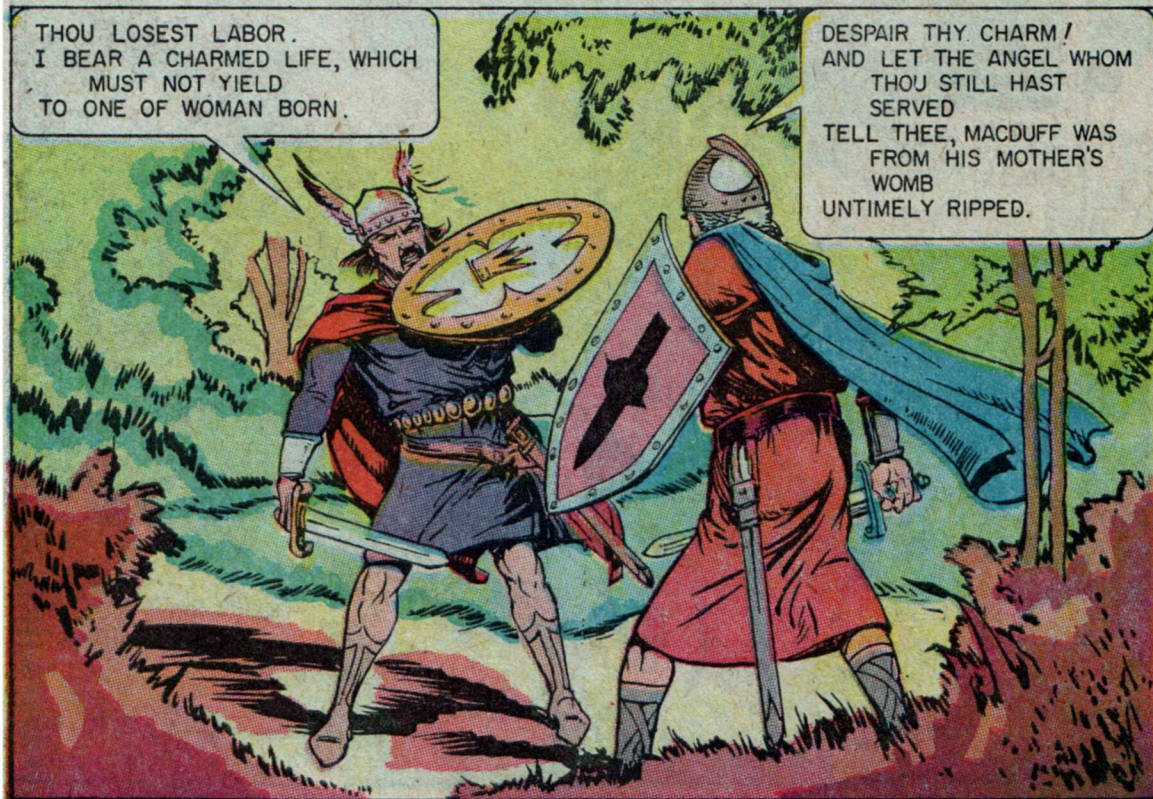
**M**ACDUFF SEARCHED  
THROUGH THE FOREST  
FOR MACBETH.

TYRANT, SHOW THY FACE!  
IF THOU BE'ST SLAIN AND WITH  
NO STROKE OF MINE,  
MY WIFE AND CHILDREN'S GHOSTS  
WILL HAUNT ME STILL.  
EITHER THOU, MACBETH,  
OR ELSE MY SWORD WITH AN  
UNBATTERED EDGE  
I SHEATHE AGAIN UNDEEDED\*  
LET ME FIND HIM, FORTUNE!  
AND MORE I BEG NOT.

\*Having done nothing



**F**ORWARD AND BACK THE ARMORED WARRIORS MOVED, WHILE NEITHER GAINED VICTORY. MACBETH TRIED TO CHECK THE BATTLE.

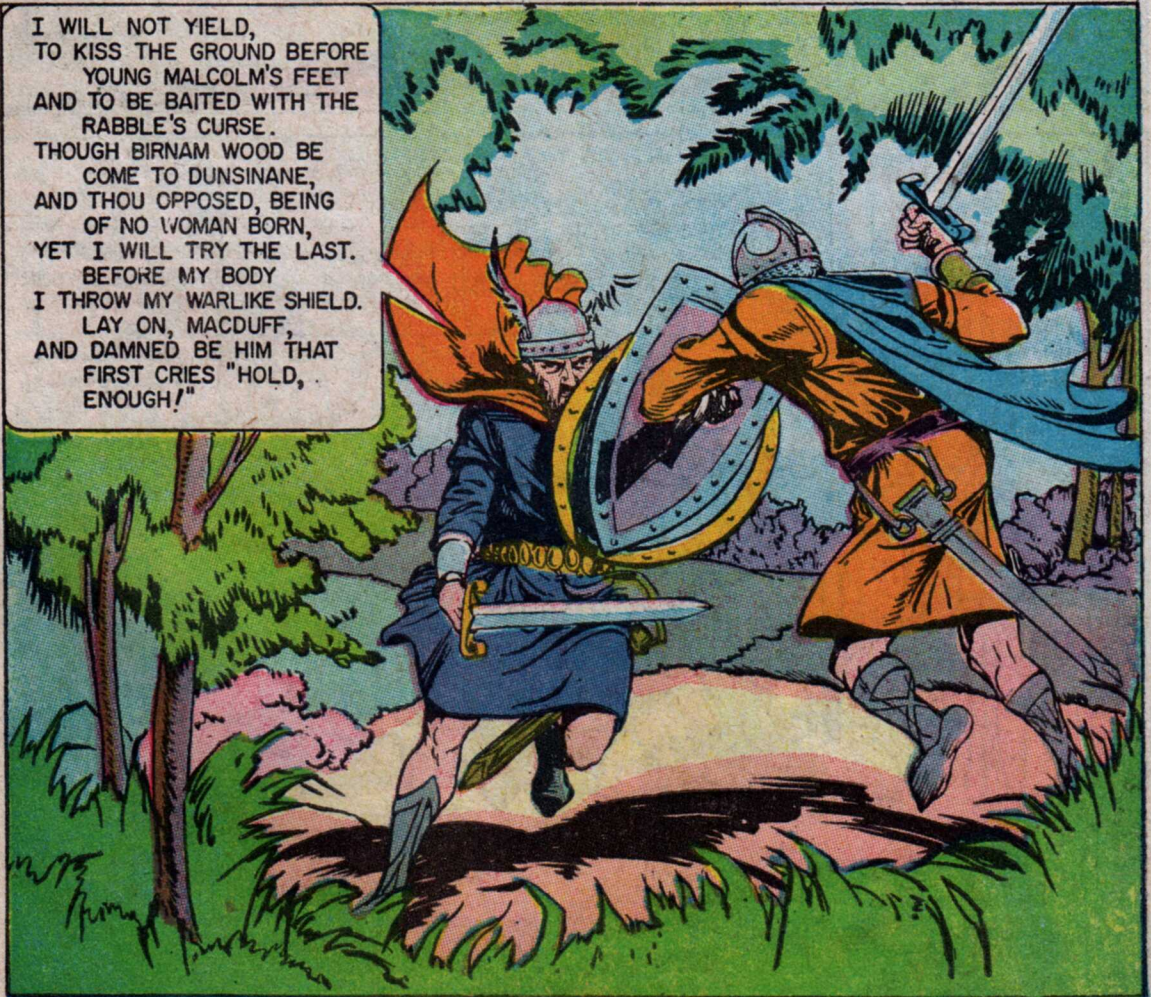


ACCURSED BE THAT TONGUE THAT  
TELLS ME SO,  
FOR IT HATH COWED MY BETTER  
PART OF MAN!  
I'LL NOT FIGHT WITH THEE!

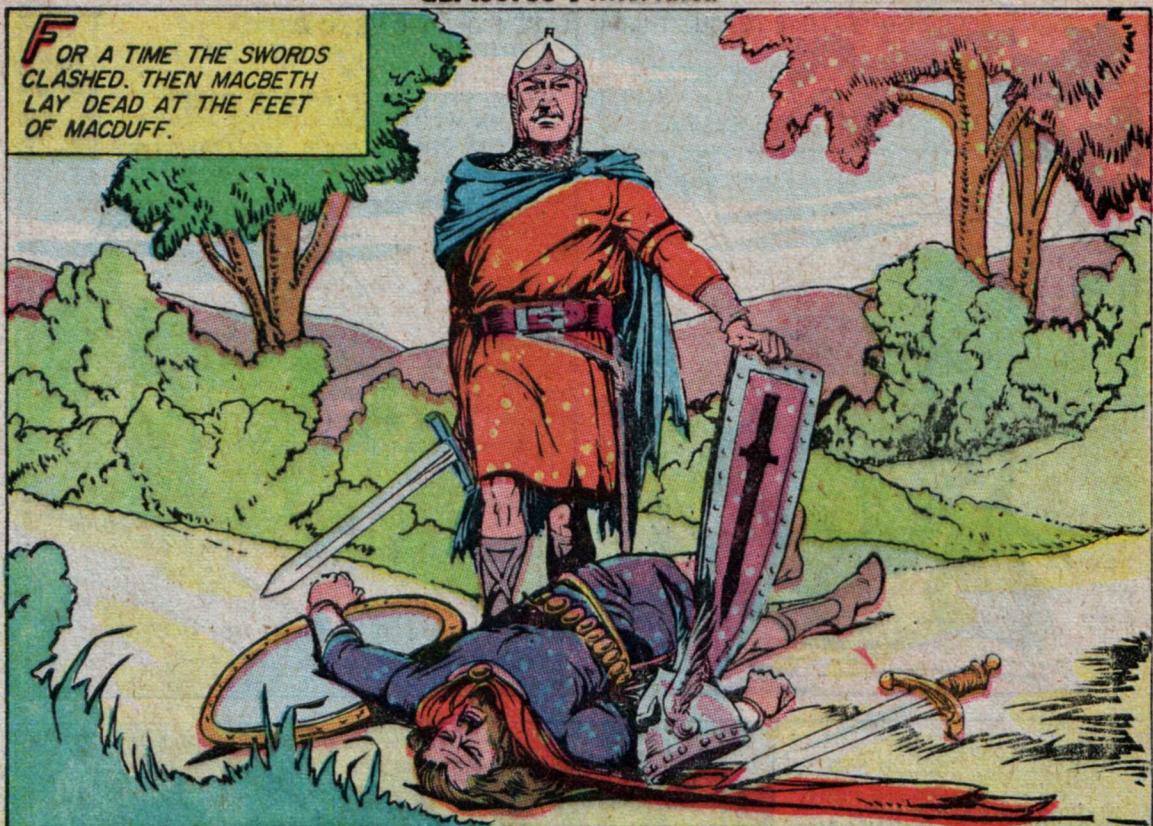
THEN YIELD THEE, COWARD,  
AND LIVE TO BE THE SHOW AND GAZE  
O' THE TIME!  
WE'LL HAVE THEE, AS OUR 'RARER  
MONSTERS ARE,  
PAINTED UPON A POLE, AND UNDERWRIT  
"HERE MAY YOU SEE THE TYRANT."



I WILL NOT YIELD,  
TO KISS THE GROUND BEFORE  
YOUNG MALCOLM'S FEET  
AND TO BE BAITED WITH THE  
RABBLE'S CURSE.  
THOUGH BIRNAM WOOD BE  
COME TO DUNSLANE,  
AND THOU OPPOSED, BEING  
OF NO WOMAN BORN,  
YET I WILL TRY THE LAST.  
BEFORE MY BODY  
I THROW MY WARLIKE SHIELD.  
LAY ON, MACDUFF,  
AND DAMNED BE HIM THAT  
FIRST CRIES "HOLD,  
ENOUGH!"



**F**OR A TIME THE SWORDS  
CLASHED. THEN MACBETH  
LAY DEAD AT THE FEET  
OF MACDUFF.



**A**ND MACDUFF  
WENT TO  
HONOR MALCOLM,  
THE NEW KING  
OF SCOTLAND.

HAIL, KING! FOR SO THOU ART. THE TIME  
IS FREE.  
I SEE THEE COMPASSED\* WITH THY  
KINGDOM'S PEARL,  
THAT SPEAK MY SALUTATION IN THEIR MINDS,  
WHOSE VOICES I DESIRE ALOUD WITH MINE.  
HAIL, KING OF SCOTLAND!



\*Surrounded

THE END

NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS Illustrated EDITION, DON'T  
MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE  
AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY.

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE** was born in the peaceful little town of Stratford on the banks of the Avon River in England. We do not know the exact date of his birth, but

church records show that he was baptized on April 26, 1564.

Other records of the local city hall show that John Shakespeare, father of William, was one of the town's leading citizens. He was registered as a member of the glove-maker's guild, but he took part in a number of enterprises, and he traded in leathers. He had political connections and served in several appointive and elective positions. At one time, he was the town's official ale taster. Later, he was town constable. In the year that William was four, his father was made high bailiff, or mayor, of Stratford.

As a member of a leading family, William Shakespeare was probably taught at an early age to read and to write. This private instruction prepared him to go on for what was considered advanced education in the Stratford Grammar School. It is likely that he spent most of his time there studying Latin. Probably his teachers required him to memorize long passages and to recite them in a loud, clear voice. Such exercises in speech and memory would have been very helpful when he later became an actor.

We do not know much about Shakespeare as a young man. We know that at the age of eighteen, he married Anne Hathaway. They had three children, Susanna, Judith and Hamnet.

Many stories have been written about

Shakespeare's struggles in his efforts to become a writer and actor in London, but little is really known about how he got his start. Modern writers have often pictured him earning pennies by holding the horses of rich theater goers. However, there is nothing in history to show that he was ever that destitute.

In fact, we know that by the time he was twenty-eight, he was a successful actor, and that from that time until his death at the age of fifty-two, he grew increasingly popular and prosperous.

Shakespeare was one genius who was extremely popular even during his own lifetime. The theatrical companies with which he worked and the plays which he wrote were in great demand. He appeared regularly at the command of Queen Elizabeth I, and after her death, his company was sponsored by King James I.

Shakespeare was loved not only by royalty, but by all the people. His audience, according to one writer of the day, consisted of "tailors, tinkers, sailors, old men, young men, women, boys, girls, and such like," most of whom paid one penny for the privilege of standing to see the show.

His being an actor gave Shakespeare a great advantage over writers who create plays for others to act. Shakespeare did not write on mere theory. He watched and listened to his audiences as much as his audiences watched and listened to him. He changed his lines frequently, always trying to get the most out of the dramatic situation. He developed such ability to meet the demands of an audience, that for more than 300 years, his plays have been capturing audiences with the genius of their drama, their understanding and their poetry.

William Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616. Ben Jonson, a fellow poet and dramatist, later wrote a eulogy which said, in part,

"He was not of an age, but for all time!"

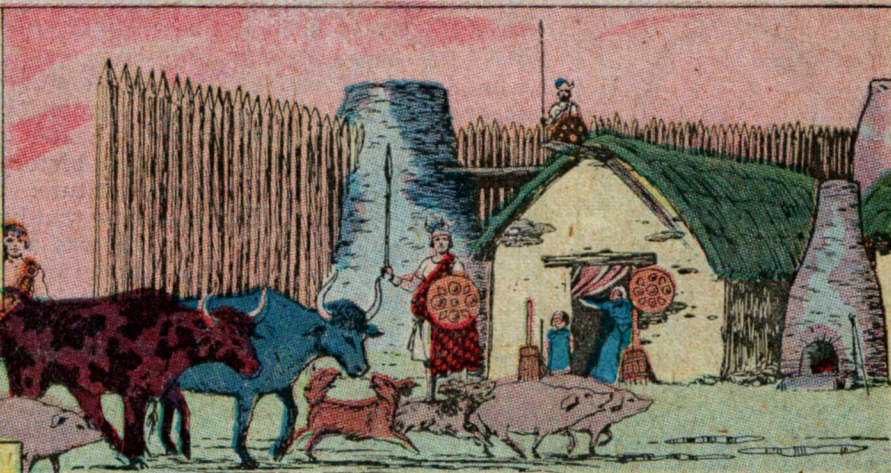


# THE STORY OF GREAT BRITAIN

## PART 2: THE ROMAN CONQUEST

**I**N THE YEAR 43 A.D., A CELTIC PEOPLE CALLED BRYTHONS LIVED IN BRITAIN\*. THEY BUILT SIMPLE VILLAGES, RAISED GRAIN, TENDED CATTLE AND OFTEN FOUGHT AMONG THEMSELVES.

\*What is now England



**A**T THAT TIME, IN ROME, THE EMPEROR CLAUDIUS HEARD RUMORS OF RICHES IN BRITAIN.

BUT, YOUR EXCELLENCY, JULIUS CAESAR FOUND NOTHING OF VALUE WHEN HE INVADIED BRITAIN IN 55 B.C.

NO MATTER. I WILL MAKE IT A COLONY OF MY EMPIRE!



**T**HE BRYTHONS WERE QUICKLY OVERPOWERED BY THE INVADING ROMANS.



**T**HE ROMAN CONQUERORS SOON BUILT UP BRITAIN.

WE'RE MAKING A REAL CITY OUT OF THIS LONDON



**A**S TIME PASSED, ROMAN MERCHANTS CAME TO BRITAIN AND OPENED SHOPS.

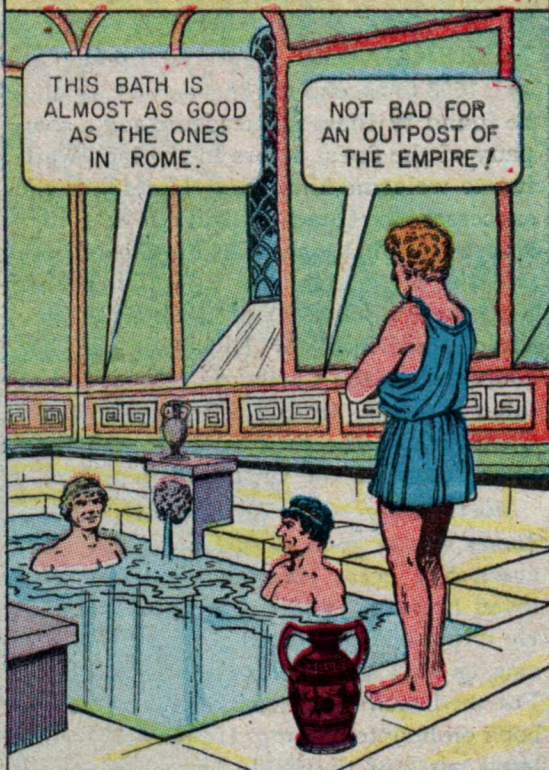
WE WILL MAKE MONEY HERE. THERE ARE SLAVES, CATTLE, IRON AND GRAIN TO TRADE IN.



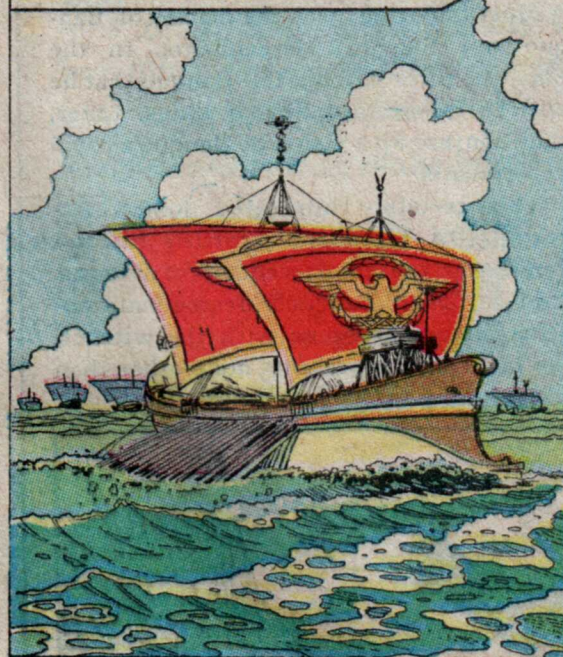
**T**HOUGH THE ROMANS CONQUERED THE BRYTHONS, THEY COULD NOT CONQUER THE NEIGHBORING PICTS. FINALLY, IN THE YEARS 122 TO 127, THE EMPEROR HADRIAN HAD A STONE WALL BUILT ACROSS THE ISLAND TO KEEP OUT THESE FIERCE FIGHTERS FROM THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.



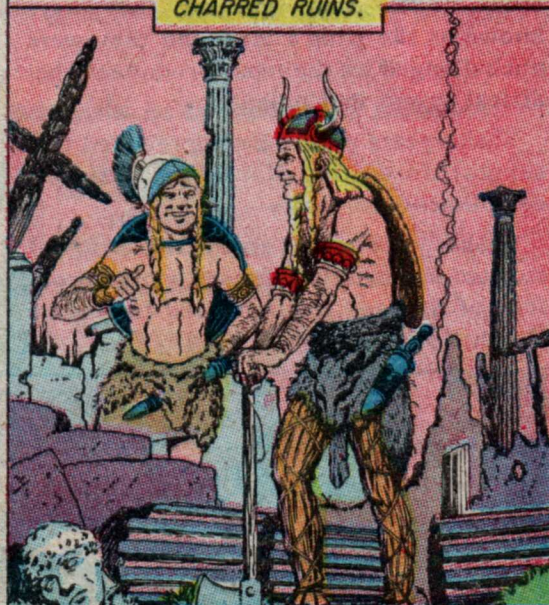
**D**URING THE NEXT 300 YEARS, THE ROMANS THRIVED IN BRITAIN.



**T**HEN, IN 407, WARRING AMONG DIFFERENT GROUPS IN ROME CAUSED THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE TO RECALL ALL OF THE ROMAN LEGIONS FROM BRITAIN.



**T**HE WITHDRAWAL OF ROMAN TROOPS LEFT THE BRYTHONS DEFENSELESS AGAINST RAIDERS FROM NORTHERN EUROPE. SOON, THESE RAIDERS HAD LOOTED ALL OF ROMAN BRITAIN. NOTHING REMAINED AFTER NEARLY 400 YEARS OF ROMAN RULE EXCEPT A FEW CHARRED RUINS.



**T**HIS IS THE SECOND OF TWELVE FEATURES ON THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN. IN THE NEXT ISSUE: "SAXON ENGLAND."

## BANQUO'S DESCENDANT

WHEN JAMES I entered London in 1603 to ascend the throne of England, he found William Shakespeare and a company of the finest actors in the land waiting to welcome him. King James was the successor to Queen Elizabeth I, under whose rule Shakespeare had prospered. He and the stage company to which he belonged were favorites of Elizabeth. They often performed for Elizabeth and her court during the Christmas season, and at other festive times. Elizabeth's Lord Chamberlain was their sponsor, and they were known as the Chamberlain's Men.

Fortunately for Shakespeare, King James was as good to the theater as Elizabeth had been. He was a scholar who loved literature and encouraged the arts. He wrote and published a great many poems, as well as a book of advice to poets. For the benefit of his son, he even wrote a book on how to be king. He himself translated parts of the Bible from Latin into English, and it was he who sponsored the complete new edition, or "King James Version" of the Bible.

King James took over Shakespeare's company ten days after he received the crown. From that time on, they were known as the King's Men, and they were unchallenged as the most prominent theatrical group in England.

Shakespeare must have appreciated this support. In writing *Macbeth*, he paid his compliments to James.

Shakespeare came upon the original story of Macbeth in a history book, *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* by Ralph Holinshed.

According to Holinshed, Macbeth became King of Scotland in the year 1040, after murdering King Duncan. Holinshed wrote that Macbeth was promised the throne by "the weird sisters," who were "goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies." He also wrote that during Macbeth's reign, he sought the advice of "certain wizards and a witch" who gave him false comfort and led him to his doom.

Shakespeare's version of this, the tragedy *Macbeth*, was of tremendous interest to King James. First, James came from a long line of Scottish Kings. He was the son of Mary Queen of Scots and, for several years before he became King of England, he had been King of Scotland. Naturally, he was interested in a play about Scottish Kings and Scottish history.

Second, Shakespeare built his story around the weird sisters, and King James was not only a believer in witchcraft, he considered himself an expert on same. In fact, he wrote a book in which he gravely discussed the ability of "devils foretelling of things to come."

Most important was the matter of Banquo and Banquo's descendants. In the play, the three witches tell Banquo that he will be father to a line of kings. Later, they conjure up a vision of Banquo's royal descendants.

This certainly interested James. According to legendary Scottish history, James was a direct descendant of Banquo. And so, when Banquo's descendants appear during the scene with the witches, the last figure represents none other than the reigning king—James himself.



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